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# COUNTRY LIFE

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## The Landowners' Memorandum.

WITH the lengthy memorandum submitted to the Minister of Agriculture by the Central Landowners' Association there should be general agreement. It has obviously been drawn up with practical experience of the difficulties it discusses. The only objection to the policy is that, if it were adopted root and branch, it would not meet the greatest difficulty of the day. Why is it that our farmers cannot hold their own in the home markets against the competition of foreigners? Just at the moment the problem is horticultural rather than agricultural, but it is germane to the argument because it is a matter of putting land to its most economical use. Green vegetables can seldom before have been so scarce on English land as to-day. The use of them as salading has largely increased, but the producers have either not foreseen or have not been able

to meet the increased demand. Now is the season when the British householder, having been taught that life-giving vitamins are best taken in green food, has to eat French, Dutch or Belgian lettuce because the home supply is not adequate. The present writer asked a large grower whether he had any lettuces, and the reply was in the negative. He had ready to plant out seventy-five thousand grown on the Paris system, and they would come in about the middle of May, after which the supply would be continuous. But what is the economical good of that? Every gardener worth his salt will have a good store by then. We agree absolutely with the views on small-holders expressed in the memorandum, but they would have been greatly strengthened by a suggestion that *la petite culture* might find a promising field for activity in the provision of cauliflowers, broccoli, saladings and such plants. The obstacle in the way of this is the difficulty in obtaining manure. Twenty years ago that of the town was practically given away; to-day it is scarce and dear. Hence, if for this reason alone, the small-holder must keep stock of some kind—pigs, cows or a horse.

Here we have a simple illustration of a difficulty facing every cultivator to-day. The only avenue of escape for him is underselling his foreign competitors. He fails to do that just because he has inherited a wrong tradition. On the Continent the fact is expressed in rather a scoffing way by such sayings as that the Englishman thinks nothing good unless it costs a lot, or that an Englishman always finds out the most expensive way of doing things. If this did not answer too well in the piping days before the war, it is suicidal to-day. He must not be too proud to take a lesson from his rivals. By business aptitude as well as by skill in agriculture the Danes have managed to establish their butter trade so well that the English public is content to pay more for the uniformly ground and, therefore, inferior Danish butter than it will give for the far richer New Zealand butter. It is almost the same with regard to bacon products; the charge for Danish bacon is often more than is obtained for the much superior English bacon. These facts are, of course, as well known as they are well established. We have heard them repeated in speeches or letters by Mr. Buxton, the present Minister of Agriculture, and by Lord Bledisloe, his predecessor. We bring them up again because the landowners have failed to notice that the key of the future is, in all probability, going to be the establishment of creameries and butter factories. There will always be in this country a number of people who will prefer butter from a private individual; but the mere fact that we are buying several million pounds worth of Danish butter annually shows that the general public is not so keen on the delicacy, texture and flavour of the very best butter, but are quite content with the standardised article. It has the great advantage, that who goes to buy it knows beforehand what will be given for the price asked. Now, a similar state of things cannot be reached in this country without the establishment of creameries; there must be a standardised uniform quality of butter for the shopkeeper.

The point has been argued out before; we mention it just now only because the landowners have not noticed it; in fact, they do not give sufficient hard advice such as has been acted upon in other countries and could be acted upon here. They still harp upon the corn harvest as plaintively as if they had turned the clock back to the time before there were ocean-going steamers to bring corn from the ends of the earth to England. There is no way at present to meet that competition. Wheat grown on a large scale and under a sunnier climate, with comparatively little expense for manure and labour can always beat the home product. Intelligent direction of agricultural policy will aim at extricating our farmers from rivalry in an unfavourable field to work in one that offers many more chances of success.

## Our Frontispiece

A NEW PORTRAIT of the Hon. Gwendoline Marshall, who is the younger daughter of Lord Marshall of Chipstead, is given as frontispiece to this issue.



## COUNTRY NOTES

THOSE who are put to the trouble and inconvenience of walking to their places of business in the morning and back in the evening, although they are taking it with a good humour characteristic of our London public, nevertheless must know that the cause is a strike of the most unnecessary and unwarranted character. Every consideration has been shown to the employees of the tramway companies, and the men themselves recognise that the ordinary claim put forward in support of a rise in wages is impossible in their case. The employers, far from making excessive profits, are working at a loss. In some businesses it would be possible to meet this by charging more for services rendered, but it is well understood by all parties that tramway fares cannot be raised just now. Therefore, the only means is that suggested by Lord Ashfield of co-ordinating the various transport services in London with a view to greater economy. That would produce a saving which would wholly or in great part meet the demands of the workers. Some of them, perhaps, do not realise where the heavy expenses come in. Perhaps the most important is the upkeep of the permanent way, which is always costlier in a great town than in a small one. This and the competition of the omnibuses are the causes of the financial loss incurred. Every reasoning human being must recognise that, in face of the fact that a Bill is to be introduced into Parliament and pushed through at express speed, the strikers are acting without reason and increasing the loss by their action. There never was a more unreasonable and wasteful strike.

A SERIES of highly coloured, but nevertheless impressive, articles has appeared in the last three numbers of the *Outlook*, on the subject of the housing conditions in Glasgow. Out of a population of over a million every other person lives in a house inferior to the minimum Board of Health standard. The hard Socialism of the Clyde is produced almost entirely by abominable conditions of housing. They arise from a variety of circumstances. Many of these families are Irish and have never lived in conditions other than foul. But the Scottish habit of living in tall blocks of houses accounts for much, added to the folly of last century in building up the yards behind these blocks with other high blocks, backing on to the backs of the "Backlands" behind the next street. Thus, between every parallel road are four lines of five or six storey buildings with only just enough space between for passageway. Either end is stopped by cross-walls. Neither light nor air can penetrate to the depths of these ravines, where gas is always burning and four to eight live in a room. The municipal authorities are enlightened and strict to a degree; they have inserted lavatories and a wonderful water supply. But they cannot let in the sun. "William Bolitho," the writer of these articles, may use lurid colours to depict the horrors of visiting rooms with eight in a bed, in the small hours of the morning, where the visitor is throttled by the

stench of putrifying sweat. But he is performing a public service in drawing attention to this fertile bed of sedition and disease.

WE are glad to be able to say that a very good beginning has been made towards realising the £2,000 required to put up the memorial to W. H. Hudson. In our next issue we propose to publish a full list of the subscribers up to date of going to press. In the meantime, those interested will be glad to know that the list already includes 104 names and subscriptions have reached a total of £270 15s. to the fund. The letters accompanying these donations have, in very many instances, contained an expression of approval in regard to the scheme and its appropriateness. These letters are written by admirers of the books of Mr. W. H. Hudson, and several of the readers lament that they never had an opportunity of seeing so gifted a man face to face. It is suggested by more than one correspondent that the Hudson books might be issued in a cheaper edition—say at 2s. 6d. a volume—as they find them too expensive to buy.

IT will be a surprise to our natural history readers to learn that Miss E. L. Turner has accepted the appointment of watcher on the Scolt Head Island. This is a new natural history reserve on the Norfolk coast. It was purchased by the Earl of Leicester in 1922, and he very generously offered the freehold of the island for the sum of £500, reserving to himself only a few acres on its eastern extremity. The matter was taken up energetically by the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, and just a year ago an appeal was sent out over the signatures of Mr. Russell J. Colman and Mr. Quintin E. Gurney, which resulted in the purchase of this island with its great sand-dunes, of which the highest is Scolt Head. It is an ideal country of sandhills, beach and marshes, with a flora and fauna of great interest. Miss Turner enters on her duties on April 1st, when she will take up her habitation in the only dwelling on the island, where her life will be strenuous enough, but very much in accordance with her inclination. In a private letter she says: "Fancy me tramping 1,200 acres twice a day! But it's a lovely place, and beauty is more to me than the flesh-pots of Egypt." We hope to have, in due time, an opportunity of showing our readers by illustration and letterpress her impressions of the charm of this latest addition to bird sanctuaries.

### MEMORY.

Once I saw a beautiful lady  
Pass down a hall like a dream;  
Like a white dream, like a luminous pearl  
She drifted past and left me aswirl,  
Blind with her beauty as one who has stood  
Too long in the sun's bright beam.

But youth was alive in me, joy tiptoe  
For the music and the dance;  
And the beautiful lady had passed me by,  
The beautiful lady was far too high  
In her starry dream, in her castle of pearl  
To throw me a smile or a glance.

So I thought I forgot, and I talked, laughed, danced;  
And the years have perished like grass . . .  
And now, of all that happened that night,  
Only the lady still shines bright,  
(O beautiful, beautiful!) passing by  
Until I, too, shall pass.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

A GREAT difficulty has arisen at Leicester. It was selected for the holding of the Royal Show in early summer, but foot-and-mouth disease has broken out, if not on the actual site of the Show, on land closely adjacent to it. In the circumstances, it would appear safer to arrange for the Show to be held somewhere else. We are quite conscious of the great difficulties that would have to be encountered, but it is as plain as a pikestaff that the great show of the country, at which the very cream of pedigree livestock are brought together, could not be held in a district



not warranted free from foot-and-mouth. It was probably an oversight of the Royal Agricultural Society that they did not consider the advisability of holding the Show nearer London in a year dedicated to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. Windsor would have been a much more appropriate town than Leicester for the purpose. Without knowing exactly the nature of the difficulties lying in the way, which may possibly be quite insurmountable, it would certainly be worth consideration whether a change could not be made even so late in the day as this. A Windsor Show, with the Wembley Exhibition within short motoring distance, could scarcely fail to be a very brilliant success.

**HONOURS** easy always makes a good ending, and the

University sports of last Saturday left everybody, on the whole, well satisfied. To be sure, it was very hard on Starr, the Cambridge three-miler, to run the last lap but one as if it were the last and so race to victory, only to find there was no tape and that he had been misinformed. That a mathematical university should produce an official unable to count twelve is a humorous circumstance of which Cambridge could not at the moment be expected to see the joke. In any case, however, Bryant, the Oxford third string, ran so well and courageously that he fully deserved his victory. As is so often the case in university contests, there were other surprises besides this one. Cambridge, it was generally believed, had to win both the High Jump and the Weight if they were to have a real chance. They lost the Weight, and they could only make a tie of it in the High Jump, and yet they halved the whole match. They owed much to Lowe, who not only won the Half-mile, but ran with fine judgment in the Mile, a distance at which he was an unknown quantity. The final burst with which, after running placidly behind for three laps, he rushed past Hewetson, as if the latter were standing still, was a truly exhilarating spectacle.

**IF** there is any subject which more than another demands that it should be kept continuously before the authorities, it is the establishment of a penny post within the British Empire. Any restriction put upon communication is a hindrance to prosperity. The Post Office is very slow and, perhaps, too unimaginative to understand the full force of the feeling that is continually being expressed in favour of cheap postage. Very few writers take full advantage of the weight that they are allowed for the three-halfpenny stamp. Given less weight and a penny stamp, the letter-writer would lose nothing in convenience and gain in pocket. In all probability, there would be no loss at all. When Rowland Hill instituted the penny post first of all there was a loud outcry on the part of the few that a deadly loss would be involved. These bodings proved to be absolutely wrong. The penny post played a modest but invaluable part in the recovery of prosperity that followed its adoption. Something of the same kind would be sure to happen, if not now, at no very distant date, were penny postage re-established. We have, no doubt, increased means of disseminating intelligence enormously since the time of Rowland Hill; but telegraphy, telephony and "listening-in" do not take the place of the written communication from one individual to another. That is what we want to get back.

**SEÑOR CAPABLANCA**, for the first time in eight years, has had to accept defeat in a chess tournament. He lost to Reti, the clever Austrian representative at the great American Chess Tournament. Capablanca, in his previous games, had done nothing better than draw, but after losing to Reti he won his game with Tartakower, and now that he has wakened up there is no saying what will happen. At the moment of writing, the odds are in favour of Dr. Lasker, the ex-champion. He is playing with far more resource and adaptability than he showed in the match which lost him the championship. His most dangerous adversary is the Russian, Alekhine, who has the goodwill of everybody because, as well as being the most original and most "chessy" of players, he is at the same time full of buoyancy and fun. In many quarters he is regarded as the coming champion.

**THE** realisation that it requires a statute to legalise the opening of Wembley Exhibition on Sundays raises the whole question of our attitude to the Sabbath. One German theory accounted for our victory in the war by the enforced rest of the English Sunday, which had enabled us to develop the necessary additional nerve strength. It is interesting to read the Edict of Sports, promulgated by Charles I in 1633, in defence of the Sunday of Merrie England, rebuking "Puritans and precise people" who were beginning to persuade us "that no honest mirth or recreation is lawful or tolerable in our religion." Admittedly, Charles's objection was, partly, that the Puritans barred his people "from using such exercises as may make their bodies more able for war when His Majesty or his successors shall have occasion to use them; and in place thereof sets up filthy tippling and drunkenness and breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their ale-houses." But it was also a last effort to avert the extinction of that Merrie England, famous the world over for music and dancing. The Edict concludes with an enumeration of those recreations which, "upon Sundays after evening prayers ended and upon Holy-days," were lawful. These were "dancing, either men or women: archery for men, leaping and vaulting. May-games, Whitsun-ales, and Morris dances; and the setting up of May-poles: so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment to divine service." But bear and bull baitings, interludes and bowling were prohibited.

#### THE DANDELION.

(Suggested by reading Mrs. Violet Jacob's poem in COUNTRY LIFE of March 15th.)

Ho! some lilt to the praise of the lily or rose,  
And of 'most every flow'r in the garden that grows;  
But the coy country muse we have got to rely on  
To chant of the charms of the dear dandelion.

Cinderellas there have been since Life was begun;  
And though this one is bright as a min'ature sun,  
She disdains not our "slum" lands, waste places and hedges  
With her fair face to brighten—to that her life pledges.

Cloth of gold is the web whence her petals are cut;  
Oft its beauty Eve's daughters have coveted, but  
Wise old Nature the secret has kept, for they tell us  
That if ladies were robbed thus, 'twould make angels jealous.

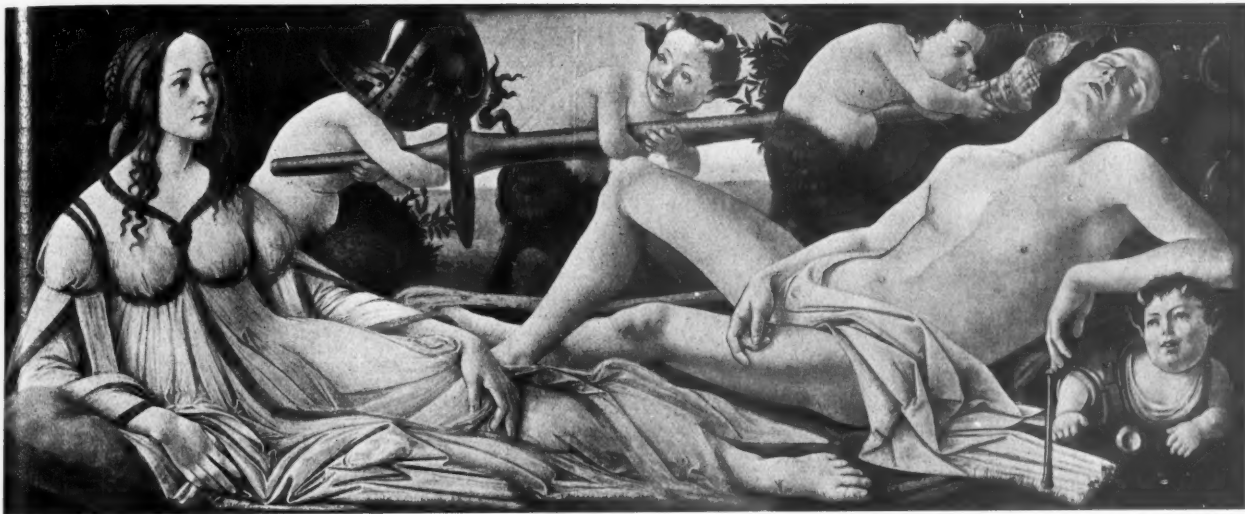
How the brisk insects love in her pollen to roll.  
'Tis Elixir of Life such as dreamers extol;  
But while men were for ages long "shadowing" a shadow,  
The wise flies found Life's Fountain—this true El Dorado.

J. G. FINLAY.

**THE** condition of Waterloo Bridge may cause misgiving, but scarcely surprise. It has borne of recent years probably the greatest weight of traffic of any bridge in the world. Most of the through transport from the north to Kent and Surrey passes over it and, of course, it is a vital link in the passenger service between the northern railway stations and Waterloo. As architecture, it is, perhaps, the most beautiful bridge in any European capital. With its proud, confident spans and tremendous doric columns it was a superb memorial to the Napoleonic war. That classic spirit, united to English fortitude, had brought the country to her supreme greatness. There are proposals to widen the bridge. Unfortunately, when an edifice is so completely right as Rennie's bridge, any tampering is apt to destroy its effect. There is now just room for three vehicles abreast on it. If it could be widened to take four, and two footways, say 110ft., that would suffice, and the effect be scarcely noticeable. Corbelled-out footwalks, as at London Bridge are out of the question on such a beautiful structure. Coming, as this misfortune does, so quickly after the proposal for a St. Paul's Bridge, it clearly shows how urgent is the need for a new bridge in the West Central area. Until a St. Clements, or else Charing Cross Bridge is built, as a worthy memorial of the late war, the problem of through traffic, the adequate strength of bridges and the development of the right bank can never be solved.



# THE NATIONAL GALLERY CENTENARY



MARS AND VENUS, BY BOTTICELLI.

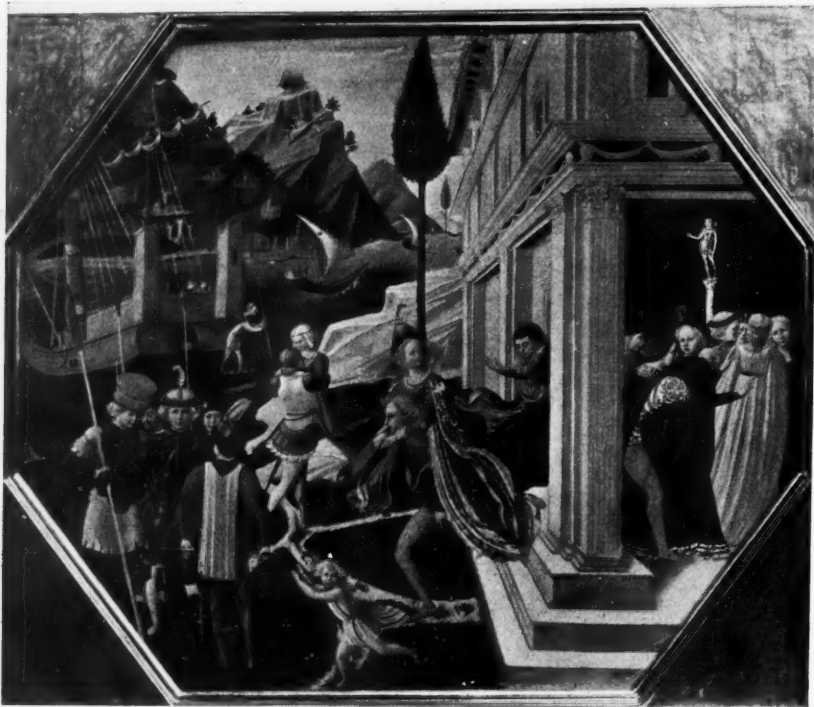
THE centenary celebrations at the National Gallery are directing public attention, perhaps for the first time, to the history of its formation and to the many benefactors who have contributed to making it the most completely representative collection of European painting in the world. The history is short in the period of time it covers, as the occasion for this review shows, but not in achievement. During the hundred years which have elapsed since the British Government gave £57,000 for the purchase of the Angerstein collection, and thus acquired the first paintings on behalf of the nation, the Gallery has grown and expanded in every direction, following fashion and the taste of its many benefactors and directors, until to-day public taste, having

more or less completed the circle of the European schools, and once again beginning to point to the artists of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who were the vogue a century ago, the Gallery, too, following this course, has reached a completeness never before possible.

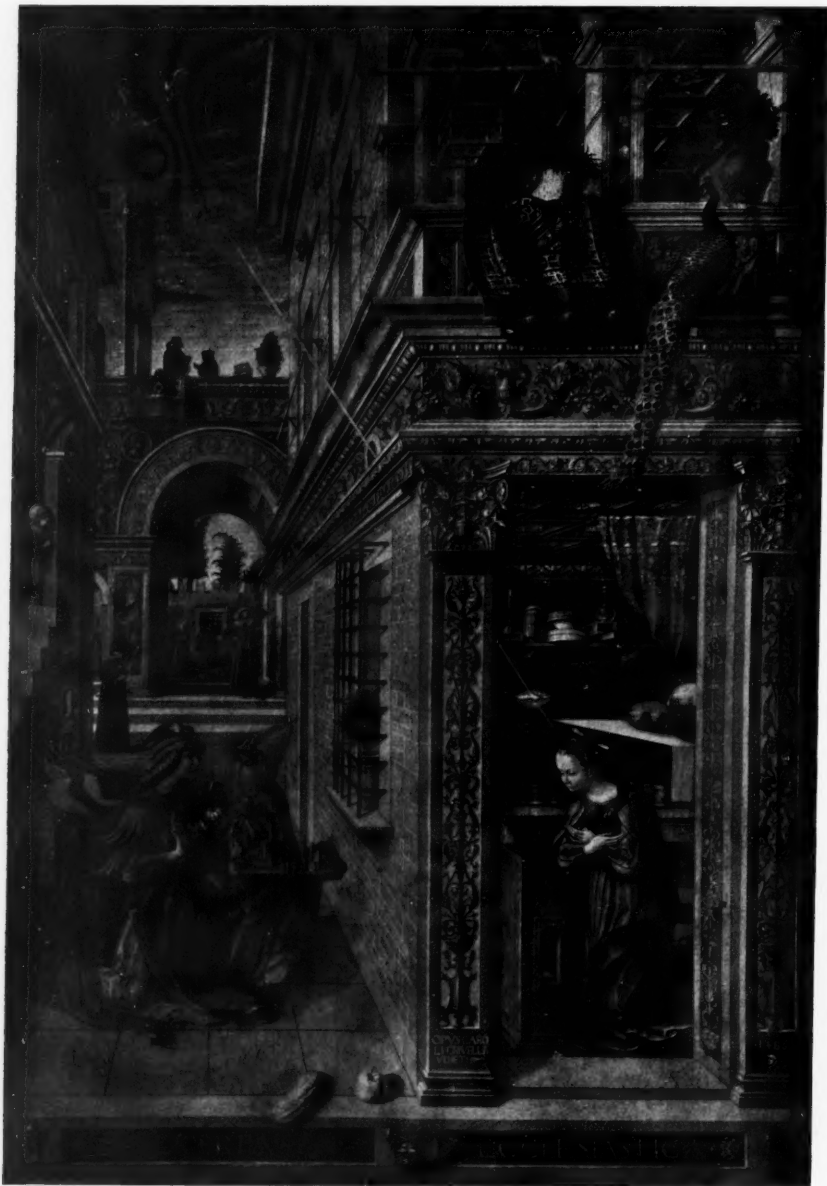
Many of the foreign museums owe their principal treasures to a munificent prince who either employed artists to work for him directly or acquired their works by purchase, and too often by conquest. Our National Gallery has benefited by no such Royal patronage; one or two pictures, once in the collection of Charles I, have, it is true, found their way back again, after wandering through the length and breadth of Europe; but, for the rest, that unfortunate monarch's treasures have been



THE ENTOMBMENT, BY MICHELANGELO.



THE RAPE OF HELEN, BY BENOZZO GOZZOLI.



THE ANNUNCIATION, BY CRIVELLI.

lost to this country irretrievably. Therefore, the present wealth of the Gallery is entirely due to the magnificent gifts and bequests which have been made to the nation by private collectors, to the wise expenditure of the comparatively small sum which the Director has to dispose of annually and which has only occasionally been augmented by special grants from the Government, and, of late years, to the exertions of the National Art Collections Fund, which has succeeded in concentrating and strengthening the natural impulses of all British art-lovers to preserve for the nation some of the works of art which might otherwise leave the country.

Next week we will give more attention to the various collections which have gone to the making of the National Gallery.

The Florentine school is perhaps not quite so widely popular as the Venetian, partly because its appeal is more intellectual and less sensuous, and partly because the monumental and devotional character of all the best Florentine paintings forms a gulf between them and subsequent painting, which only the most modern movements and views on art are beginning to bridge over.

The beginnings of scientific research into the properties of form and the means of expressing them can be traced in Masaccio. The outstanding figures after him are the grim Andrea del Castagno, whose little crucifixion is perhaps the most poignant and solemn ever painted, and that most fascinating artist Paolo Uccello, of whose many battle pieces ours is by far the best. Botticelli's "Mars and Venus" and Filippino Lippi's "Madonna with St. Jerome and Dominic," are among the most lovely things in the Gallery, to which may be added the perhaps less significant but no less charming "Rape of Helen," by that playful follower of Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli. The same vision for beauty as in these religious and historical pictures is seen in contemporary portraits, the most notable in our collection being the lady by Baldovinetti (No. 758), and Constanza de Medici attributed to Lorenzo de Credi.

The high Renaissance is illustrated in fewer works, but they rank among the greatest things that great period has produced. The "Virgin of the Rocks," if not entirely from the hands of Leonardo, yet contains much of his work and all his thought and wayward sense of beauty. It is a picture which marks the turning point in European painting, and much that has since been done technically and imaginatively is foreshadowed in this painting by the greatest genius that has ever lived. Michelangelo is still more wonderfully represented, for with the exception of our pictures and one in Florence, his work as a painter is entirely confined to the Vatican. His "Entombment" is one of those sublime works that cannot be spoken of, but needs to be felt. It is not a popular picture, and has, on the whole, been more often criticised than extolled, yet it is one of the grandest things we possess. Another invaluable possession is the little group of pictures by Piero della Francesca, who combined Florentine mastery in the treatment of form with Umbrian spaciousness, and added to these grandeur and beauty all his own. He deserves to rank far higher than his more popular countryman, Perugino, though he, too, rose occasionally to heights of poetic inspiration, as in the lovely fresco of the "Adoration of the Shepherds."

Our chief glory is, by common consent, the collection of Venetian paintings, which ranges from Pisanello and the brothers Bellini to Guardi, and contains such masterpieces as "The Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ," by Catena, Giovanni Bellini's youthful "Agony in the Garden," Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" and "Noli Me Tangere," and the magnificent





THE FAMILY OF DARIUS BEFORE ALEXANDER, BY VERONESE.

"Family of Darius before Alexander" by Veronese, in which all the splendour and spirit of Venetian life are made manifest through a harmony of rhythm and colour. In the altarpiece by Gentile da Fabriano, lent to the Gallery by His Majesty the King, we see a delightful example of Late Gothic art. The sweetness of expression in the Virgin's face, the elaborate ornamentation of the brocades and the sweeping flow of lines are characteristics which are to be found in much of Italian painting round about the year 1400 and, indeed, not in Italy only, but in the schools of Cologne and Burgundy. Gentile da Fabriano was an Umbrian by birth, but worked much in Venice, and is generally considered to have been one of the founders of the Venetian School. His contemporary, Pisanello, is chiefly

remarkable for the astonishing naturalism and minute observation with which he treated animals and details of dress coupled with an entire disregard for the ordinary relation of things in space. His "Vision of St. Eustace" is like a highly convincing presentation of an imaginary, romantic world. With regard to the Bellinesque group of Venetian painters, we are particularly fortunately situated, for, besides the interesting group of pictures in the National Gallery, there is in the British Museum that invaluable possession, the sketch book of Jacopo Bellini. This is the source out of which nearly a whole generation of Venetian painters drew their designs, and it is amusing to find Jacopo's motives cropping up in various connections not only in the works of his two sons and his son-in-law, Mantegna, but also in quite



THE NATIVITY, BY PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA.



THE WARRIOR ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST, BY CATENA.



VENUS AND ADONIS, BY TITIAN.

March

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a lost of other Venetian painters. Traces of Gentile Bellini's visit to Constantinople are to be found in his portrait of the Sultan Mohammed II and in the gorgeous Eastern attire of the kings and their retinue in his "Adoration of the Magi."

Mantegna and the Paduan painters form a little group by themselves, animated by a passionate desire to arrive at a sculptural effect in painting and to reconstruct the antique world. This idea was carried to its farthest limits by Cosimo Tura, who, without imitating the appearance of a bas relief, as Mantegna so often did in his later work, yet produces a most astonishing effect of clear-cut, almost metallic form in his

But that Antonello came into contact with Flemish painting is proved beyond doubt by his little picture of "St. Jerome in his Study," and his paintings with their subtle gradations of tone and suggestions of atmosphere certainly made a profound impression on Giovanni Bellini. Even in his early "Agony in the Garden," done in imitation of Mantegna's picture of the same subject (also in the Gallery), there is a feeling for light and space and an effect of atmosphere creating a deeply religious mood which is altogether foreign to the Paduan's otherwise far more proficient painting. Having mastered oil painting, Bellini created a new, more realistic style for altarpieces



THE VIRGIN OF THE ROCKS, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

"Allegorical Figure." Crivelli, too, formed his style in Padua and then, retiring into a distant city in the Marches, continued to paint in this firm, draughtsmanlike manner, showing an extraordinary fertility of imagination and a sense for quaint charm, when all his contemporaries were experimenting in the new medium of oil painting. Of his works we possess the finest collection in existence. The old story that Antonello da Messina went on a pilgrimage to distant Flanders in order to learn the secrets of oil painting from no less a person than Jan Van Eyck himself, and then, returning to Italy, imparted this secret to the Venetians, is, unfortunately, like so many old stories, no longer tenable.

than the old Ancona, which was taken up by a whole school of artists. Our famous "Madonna of the Meadow" is the best example of this manner, while the "Doge Leonardo Loredano" shows Bellini's dignified but penetrating treatment of portraiture. The next great revolution in Venetian painting was wrought by Giorgione, who is represented only by a tiny study of armour for his great altarpiece at Castelfranco. It shows a still better understanding of the possibilities of oil colour and a still more natural, less formal conception of the subject. But the full extent to which Giorgione's romantic nature permeated the art of his time is seen in the little "Golden

Age" where the dreamy poetic mood is stimulated not by a violation of natural appearances as in Pisanello, but, rather, by accentuating the unifying golden light, which fills the scene with such a rich, warm glow. It is the work of some highly gifted follower of Giorgione—possibly by the young Titian himself. Something of the deep poetry of these pictures is lacking in the work of Titian in his prime. His painting becomes more matter of fact, his splendid mastery over the technical difficulties of his craft enables him to get a suggestion of the actual substance of everything he paints, especially of his figures, that no earlier painter had achieved. Yet, with him Venetian art reaches its high-water mark. The exuberant vitality, glowing colour and manly reserve (as compared with Rubens) of "Bacchus and Ariadne" express better than aught else the Renaissance of the Greek joy in living. The newly

cleaned "Venus and Adonis" is more subdued in colour and more restful in design. The broad pattern of the nude goddess against the dark background and the silver-grey tonality bring this picture nearer to the sumptuous decorations of Paolo Veronese in whose work the Gallery is so rich. The transition from these Renaissance works through the Baroque of Tintoretto to the eighteenth century lightness and brilliance of Tiepolo may be followed in the rooms of the National Gallery, as well as the last triumph of the Venetian school—the rise of landscape painting in the views of Canaletto and Guardi. The Venetian painters have served, ever since the times of Reynolds, as the chief light and inspiration to English painters, and this collection of so many of the greatest Venetian masterpieces and the admiration they continue to evoke form a fitting tribute to the source of so much that is best in our English school of painting. M. CHAMOT.

## SPRING DAYS

**M**ARCH, this year, instead of adhering to its blustering convention has worked on a formula. Every day up to the time of writing (March 21st) it has made its sun shine on a bare land as if to lure the grasses and greenery from their winter rest; every night at dusk or thereabouts its most savage winds—the north and the east—have emerged from their caves to blight and destroy. The ploughboy, even at that late hour of the morning, when he deigns to lead out his horses, instead of adding his joyous whistle to a chorus of birds, spends half his time flapping his arms against his manly chest to get the cold tingle out of his fingers and promote the circulation of the blood. No need for any corresponding exercise on the part of the horses. Boxer and Rattler are in a heavy sweat. The demon of a wind has made a crust of iron on the surface of the earth as if on purpose to tax their strength. By all the tokens it should be easy ploughing, for the prodigious supplies of water thrown into the soil by fill-dyke February have oozed away, leaving below the top crust a tilth as friable as a farmer's loaf. Frost delights in drawing water to the surface, where it makes profuse mud in the early part of the day, as soon, as the sun gets its steam up, so to speak, to a degree that man may quote Browning's, "How the March sun shines like May."

Shine the sun never so wisely, it could not undo the havoc of the night. The scribe inditing this commentary is an early riser, but it would be untrue to say that he gets up with the lark. It is a spring in which not even that enterprising bird at Heaven's gate sings before Phœbus doth arise. He might sing Poor Tom 's a'cold, after lying out on a meadow which has not produced grass enough to afford him a ha'porth of shelter. Sometimes in the early morning other birds have made a gallant attempt at chorus-singing as if, going by the calendar, they knew that it was spring and were determined to give what is

expected from the merry bird's throat. Hunger soon downed that ambition. Song died away on the discovery that Jack



C. W. R. Knight.

SPRING IN THE ROOKERY.

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Frost had cruelly put the lid on the earth whence cometh their food. Gay Cælebs, the chaffinch, a stout singer and a merry wag, as Linnæus knew when he called him the bachelor, after trilling over once or twice his brief and unpremeditated lay, gave up music for food-hunting. Even that bold minstrel of the storm, the mistle-thrush, after mounting to the top of his favourite elm to show defiance to his rivals and send an endearing message to his lady-love, hushed his voice and became dumb. In February he and his mate, before the festival of St. Valentine, had built a nest and begun to rear a family, but March brought a whip that convinced him of his previousness. So it was with the rooks; in the wet February they assembled over and over again in the plantation where they nest. They held much serious convocation, did a little fighting for their mates, and even ventured to collect a stick or two, but one of the two fierce winds came and harried them. The crowd dispersed to seek for some pretence of a meal at the base of the trees, meadows and hard ploughland, and matrimonial thoughts were put aside till the sun came out, when the proceedings recommenced and the comedy was played once more: but it has not, up to now, ended in matrimony.



PRIMROSES BLOOMING IN SHELTER.

Young lambs have been the happiest this year. The old mother, whom you take to signify nature, or the old yow, has bestowed on the lambs a gift that would have done credit to a fairy godmother, if she had the sense to think of it. For a creature that is open air *malgre lui* or, as the Scot says, whether or no, there is no essential more valuable than a good thick, woolly overcoat. To be sure, it has disadvantages in wet weather, as it does not throw off the effects of a drenching rain as easily as, say, an old lady takes off her waterproof. It is the best of luck for lambs to come into the world during a dry spell,



M. C. Cottam.

FLOWERS IN THE GRASS.

Copyright.



"YOUNG LAMBS HAVE BEEN THE HAPPIEST THIS YEAR."

and March this time has, at any rate, provided that blessing. Cold, as long as it is not accompanied by frost or snow, is only stimulating to the racing, jumping, skipping and larking generally which make the first green fields a paradise for them. Light is their overcoat and light their spirits at this early stage of their existence; it is only as youth passes that the soft, curly coat of babyhood turns into a heavy fleece and the playful lambkin into a solemn sheep, even as the fabled fleece of gold brings care and ultimate disaster to the human race.

The east wind and the north wind, hounds of a winter reluctant to leave a world grown weary of it, have left a deadly mark on vegetation nowhere more noticeable than on the tassels of the hazel. You may see their annual miracle of geometrical lines wherever the trees are sheltered. The two winds have this time done the mischief without much help from their usual ally Jack Frost. John has been present, but not as the devastating force he sometimes is. He has not bridled Father

Thames with a curb of ice or even played havoc with the domestic water supply, but has been content night after night to place a hard thin coat as of cement on the earth. Above that surface the winds have operated with an edge they might have brought from the Arctic regions. It is an arrangement of Providence that these tassels—the male blossoms—shall appear, far exceeding in numbers the woovers who gathered round Penelope when her husband was making the long journey from the war at Troy. The son of Laertes did not slay them more fiercely in his hall than the icy winds have killed the tassels—they, too, waiting for a bride—the small and blushing female flower.

Yet, mad as have been the pranks of March, they do not



Ward Muir.

A PLUM ORCHARD IN FLOWER.

Copyright.





TREES READY TO BUD.

alarm the good husbandman wise with the weather lore that has been handed down to him from his thousands of years of ancestry. He believes the auguries favourable. March has been dry; and is not a handful of its dust worth a king's ransom? A thousand wise saws and modern instances assure him that such

a prologue usually ushers in a good year; if there is any failure about it, he is prepared beforehand to lay the blame on "there there politics."

Our photographs do not show this lean real March, but spring in a more pictorial mood. P. A. G.

## POINT-TO-POINT RACING

THE origin of point-to-point racing has been so often discussed and written about that I do not propose to give it more than cursory mention; but it is curious to reflect that, although associated in our minds with dim and distant years and even names such as those of Jem Mason and "Lottery," it nevertheless was, for quite an appreciable period, almost extinct, and, indeed, looked upon as a thing of the past. I think I am correct in saying that about 1880 it had practically died out! It owes its revival to a cheerful dinner at Sherbourne at the end of the hunting season of 1878—for details of which and the subsequent races I would refer the reader to the Badminton Library.

The original point-to-point, as has been mentioned countless times before, was strictly a race to a given point—a flag, church steeple, or some such object—and round it and back again, the riders taking their own line according to their knowledge of the country and, to some extent, according to the peculiarities of their mounts. It was an unsatisfactory arrangement in many ways—open to dubious methods—and usually, one is told, degenerated into one man making the pace and the rest "processing" after him. I did once see such a race or races, and some very strange incidents took place, though the exact nature of these, since it is over twenty years ago, I cannot recall, even if it would be advisable to do so.

The most obvious objections to the old system were: (1) That the spectators could see little of the race; (2) that the local men knew their own ground like a book, thus having a considerable advantage over visitors; (3) that over this style of course the best horse not infrequently got bogged, or some other element of ill luck eliminated it, if the rider did not know the lie of the land; (4) that it was infinitely more dangerous. Its advantages were that it gave the genuine hunter, as opposed to a disguised racehorse, a better chance, and that the fences were left as much as possible like those met out hunting. At least, that is the argument one used to hear pretty frequently. As a matter of fact, the conditions exclude or penalise horses that have won under National Hunt Rules, while the fence

question is only argued, as a rule, by spectators, the actual riders being of the opinion that as a point-to-point is run much faster than any run with hounds, it, therefore, is dangerous and unfair to ask horses to negotiate weak and trappy fences at racing pace: under any conditions they are far more trappy than the regulation fences of a steeplechase course. There are no nice guard rails to warn the horses of hidden ditches, and they must jump clean the cut and laid fences, or, perhaps, hidden timber runs through the less well kept ones.

Moreover, point-to-points in many countries are run over banks, and frequently there is at least one jump in-and-out of a road. Altogether, conditions are totally different from those of racing in the ordinary sense of the word.

Now let us glance at the popularity of the sport. Take up a copy of *Horse and Hound* in the months of February and March and see the number of point-to-points advertised! I counted forty-two the other day, and this in a year when numerous Hunts have cancelled these fixtures owing to foot-and-mouth disease. Not only do fox-hunts have their point-to-points, but harriers, drag hunts, cavalry and infantry and artillery brigades, clubs, universities, and the Bar. Their popularity is such that in these days motors of every size and description disgorge huge crowds at their meetings. Why this popularity? Undoubtedly because there is no charge for admission! In some places the "parking" of cars is charged for, but otherwise it is a free show given by the local Hunt.

Finally, let us consider utility. Now, utility is the rock bottom of the sport's existence! Undoubtedly started by light-hearted sportsmen to wind up the season, point-to-point racing has come to be looked on as not only of local but almost of national importance, for it does more good in the cause of hunting than any other institution. After all, the number of non-hunting farmers, small-holders, butchers, graziers and others whose land is ridden over by Hunts is immense compared with the land held by those who are able to take part in the sport. Those who do not hunt, not unnaturally, scarcely realise the passion for the chase of those who do! When fowls are taken by foxes,

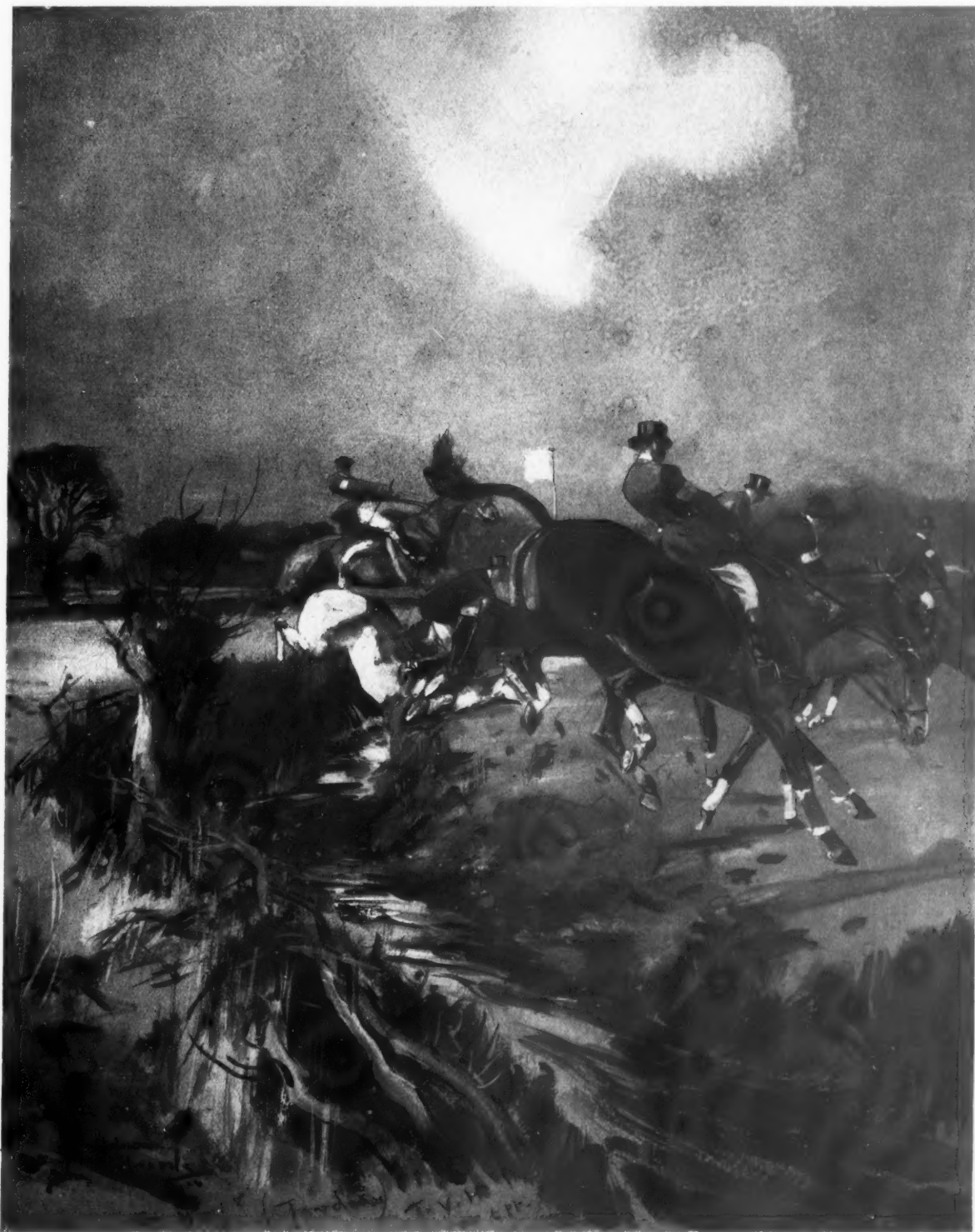


A POPULAR EVENT AT THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS POINT-TO-POINT.



land galloped over, gates left open, and fences broken, the occupier is apt to think (especially when farming is doing none too well) that he gets nothing out of it save petty annoyances, and one cannot wonder if he doubts the figures of those sporting journalists who speak of the vast wealth spent on hunting. He probably thinks that precious little of it comes his way. It is true the Hunt buy forage locally, but they cannot buy of everyone, and there are sure to be lots of people whose land is ridden over

to point-to-points, and usually have better fish to fry, even in the jumping season. Not only does the farming fraternity enjoy these meetings, but a host of others also, directly and indirectly interested in the local Hunt, such as gamekeepers, earth-stoppers, grooms, blacksmiths, etc., to say nothing of the local townspeople, who, save for an occasional pink coat observed passing their shops, never see anything of the county pack. These turn out in force for the event. Speaking from personal experience, I



IN A VALE COUNTRY: OVER THE BROOK

who can honestly say that they derive no direct particular benefit from hunting.

But the point-to-point races put a different complexion on affairs. The small men get a day in the open, where they can take their wives and families, meet their friends, and be sure of a welcome, with good fellowship and lots of clean racing thrown in. They can bet with their friends or with bookies—although some of the latter at point-to-points want a lot of watching, for they are not always of the regular and well-known fraternity. The latter would scarcely find it worth while coming

to know of little country villages which run a 'bus or carrier's cart to quite distant fixtures of neighbouring Hunts as well as their local one, so great is the popularity of point-to-points at the present time. By way of illustration, let me quote the following extract from a letter recently received: "I think it is more or less settled that we will have a Point-to-Point. At a meeting of farmers last week they were all for it, in spite of foot-and-mouth disease in surrounding counties. Several farmers said that unless it was held they would shoot all foxes that came on their land, as it was *the one day* in the year for

non-hunting farmers, and the only pleasure they derived from hunting."

To quote the late Lord Willoughby de Broke, "There remains one cardinal principle with regard to the spirit of fox-hunting. If it is to retain its vigour it must never become the privilege of any particular class. Like all other

really good things, it is either national or else it is nothing." Undoubtedly point-to-point racing greatly helps to foster this spirit, and even the worst curmudgeon of an agriculturist, after a day at the local Hunt meeting, goes home to his farm thinking, perhaps, there is something to be said for hunting after all.

ANISED.

## THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS



THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED YARDS: CAMBRIDGE WINS.

If you enjoy the sports you probably enjoy them more than any other University event of the year, not even excepting the Rugby football match. There are, to be sure, intervals of comparative dullness. The weight is a weariness of the flesh, and the jumps, unless you can see them at very close quarters, seem to go on a long time. Every year, moreover, the sprinters appear to take off more clothes, dig more holes in the track, have more preliminary bursts, and generally take more time. But, on the other hand, there are moments that are worth a hundred times more than all the waiting—the thunderous onslaught of the quarter, the comparatively lingering agony of the mile, and the wondering whether or not your man has got a spurt left in him.

The sports last Saturday were not, perhaps, fraught with quite so many of these tremendous moments as they have been in some previous years, but they were very interesting and had a thoroughly exciting ending when Lowe came away with a great rush in the last lap of the mile to square the match for Cambridge. There was one spectator at least who was thoroughly interested throughout, and that was the King. It was pleasant to see His Majesty following every event while walking about on the grass, and entirely disdaining the seat that had been prepared for him.

No doubt these sports will be best remembered for the three mile race. Those who read the records in after years will simply see that the Oxford third string came in first, 120yds. ahead of the second string, with the first string third. They will think this an odd result to a dull race. Yet, in fact, it was intensely exciting, and was marked by a dramatic catastrophe. Nobody knows what would have happened if a Cambridge supporter "officious, innocent, sincere," but a poor mathematician, had not miscounted the laps and told Starr that he had but one lap to go when, in fact, there were two. He therefore made a great and glorious spurt, rushed past Bryant, and had the race, as he thought, at his mercy. Then he saw no tape, stumbled, fell and, finally, had to pull up exhausted. Meanwhile, Bryant went on to win in great style, and in justice to him it must be said that he had so much run left in him that no one has a right to say that he could not have beaten Starr. It was a great victory.

Apart from this outstanding race there were two chief heroes. Thomson, once the all-round champion of America, who won the weight and the 120yds. hurdles for Oxford, and Lowe, who won the half and the

mile for Cambridge. The mile was a curious race, and the Oxford men did not run it very well. Hewetson went a long way ahead, looking round for Miller, but Miller did not come. Possibly Hewetson slowed down to wait for him. At any rate, he made the pace not a very fast one, and this suited Lowe, who would certainly have the pace of him if it came to a sprint at the finish. So Lowe kept well behind to the last lap and then came with a beautifully judged effort, steadily increasing his speed and having his man completely settled when the last corner was turned.

The quarter was hardly so thrilling a race as usual. Rudd and Butler's dead heat and Abrahams' great finish of last year have made us expect, perhaps, too much. Still, Marshall made



THE RIVAL PRESIDENTS IN THE LOW HURDLES: BRISTOWE WINS BY A FOOT.



a very close fight of it with Johnson, and was only beaten off very near the finish. Stevenson, who has been champion both of America and England at this distance, was a sad disappointment and never in the hunt. He is a big, heavy man, and it seems impossible for him to find his form till later in the year when the warm weather comes. Indeed, he has never done himself full justice here nor been quite the same runner that Rudd had to meet in America.

The low hurdles was a beautiful race between the two great presidents, Bristowe of Cambridge and Dickinson of Oxford, which Bristowe just won; and Macintosh's long jump of 23ft. 4ins. was a very fine performance. He did not always get well into the air—the sure sign of a great jumper—but when he did he showed the class to which he belongs.

The high jump, of which so much had been expected, fell just a little flat. Roberts, who had done 6ft. 1½ins. at Cambridge, fell out at 5ft. 10ins. His companion, the little dark Van Geysel from Ceylon, did 5ft. 11ins., and so did Dickinson of Oxford. It was hoped that one at least of the three would have cleared 6ft., but high jumping, where just an inch in the take-off makes so much difference, must be horribly nervous work on big occasions. So Brooks' record was safe, and may well be so for years to come.



S. H. THOMSON OF OXFORD PUTS THE WEIGHT 42FT. 2INS.

## ON PLAYING WITH PROFESSIONALS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE amateurs of Surrey did extremely well against the professionals in their match at Walton Heath last week. In the singles they not only scored two individual triumphs through the victories of Mr. Harris and Major Hezlet over Braid and Taylor respectively, but they made a really close fight of it throughout, winning six matches and losing nine. In the foursomes they were less successful, but, even so, though they were beaten, they were not crushed. There were none of those eights and sevens, sixes and fives which make such depressing reading. Right down the list, both morning and afternoon, the amateur, if he was beaten, was certainly not disgraced.

On the whole, then, the amateurs gave a very satisfactory show, but it would be insulting to them, and entirely foolish into the bargain, to express too wild and surprised a joy. When, years ago, Mr. F. G. Tait and Mr. Edward Blackwell beat Andrew Kirkaldy and Willie Auchterlonie over St. Andrews, nobody talked as if the incredible had been achieved. Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton used to beat professionals, and other great amateurs of their generation were never afraid of trying, and sometimes succeeded. Professionals will always, on the whole, be better players than amateurs at any game, but there ought to be no reason why a young strong amateur, in good practice and with a desire to master the game, should not give the professional a hard run for his money and occasionally beat him. The young amateur must not accept his inferiority too humbly or he will inevitably fall farther behind. It is far better that he should begin with a little arrogance.

"The way to beat a professional," said that famous old golfer Mr. Mitchell Innes, who used to play with all the best of his day, "is never to let him get a hole up." It is a counsel of perfection akin to "Go in and win," but there is beneath a substratum of sound practical common sense. For these often quoted words really mean this, that the best player in the world plays to some extent as well as he is allowed to play, and that if he can be held he may be beaten because he is, after all, a human being. The advantage of playing with professionals, from an amateur's point of view, is not only that of a very pleasant and friendly intercourse, but, as a piece of education, of discovering this fact, that the professional is human. Everybody knows, whatever the particular rank of golfing society in which he moves, that once he can impress his adversary with the belief that he does not make mistakes, he has his match more than half won. An amateur playing only now and then with a professional is so thoroughly imbued with this belief that he starts a beaten man. If he subjects himself to this form of discipline more frequently, he finds out, first, that the professional can make an occasional slip at an unexpected moment and, secondly, that it is possible for him himself to go round with far fewer mistakes than he had imagined. In the matter of tee shots, for example, he is always accustomed to allow himself one or two plunges into the heather almost as a matter of course. When he plays frequently against a man who goes regularly down the middle he may find one fine day, at the end of the round, that he, too, has kept blamelessly on the grass all the way. In a game with a fellow amateur he would have realised half way round that he was driving uncommonly straight, and would have said to himself, "This can't go on." Against the professional he thought of nothing but pursuing that ruthless

pacemaker to the best of his ability. If he said anything to himself it was, "This has got to go on." The professional is to him an infinitely glorified Bogey of flesh and blood. Duncan told me the other day that he thought the young American amateurs had become so good chiefly because there was no trouble too great for them to take if there was a chance of a match with some famous professional. And certainly they have acquired in a wonderful degree the art of going on and on without making a really bad shot.

I spoke just now of the paralysis produced in the early stages of a match by a belief in the professional's infallibility. There is another rather different form of terror which makes itself felt later in the round. Let us suppose that the amateur, by the help of strokes or holes up and through his enemy's unexpected mistakes, finds himself with a lead. For a little while he is almost too much surprised to think, and so continues to play well with his brain comfortably numbed. Then he suddenly remembers that the enemy has a great reputation for making a spurt, and he begins to wonder when the spurt will start. If the enemy happens to play one particularly fine shot he metaphorically throws up his hands and says "Oh, Lord! now he's off and I'm done for," and in effect he does all the rest of his adversary's spurring for him. I am not sure that one or two brilliant amateurs have not produced this state of mind in their victims more often than any professionals. Mr. Tait certainly did so, and so does the player who comes nearest to being his counterpart in modern times, Mr. Tolley. Nobody could make a worse shot than Mr. Tait occasionally did at the beginning of a match, but nobody was so likely to deliver at least one deadly thrust at the end of it. Mr. Tolley has something of the same gift. I remember very well seeing him play in his last University match at Prince's. For the first five holes he could not hit the ball, and was, I think, four down. Then he began, and anything more overpowering than he was for the next thirteen holes on a ruthlessly long course in a bitterly cold wind I never wish to see. And because he does these things his adversaries are sometimes so anxiously waiting for him to begin that they forget to hit the ball themselves. They cannot make hay while the sun shines because they are looking out for the little cloud on the horizon that will tell of the storm to come.

Against these terrors the best remedy is, no doubt, to be found in subjecting ourselves to them as often as possible. Familiarity will never breed contempt, but it will breed, at any rate, a less intolerable degree of respect. And when we come back to playing our own half-crown matches with our peers who play no better than we do ourselves, what a delightful sense of relaxation we shall enjoy. Celebrated putters, such as Mr. Macfie and Willie Park, are said to have practised their art systematically at holes below the regulation size in order that when they came back to the links the orthodox hole should appear "as big as a soup plate." The professional performs something of the same function when, after playing with him, we come back to our equals. The foreknowledge that they will fluff and fizzle and give us all manner of chances inspires a delicious confidence. That confidence will soon grow enervating, however, if we do not submit ourselves at intervals to further rude shocks. We must try to strike the nicest possible balance between being too much crushed and becoming too "uppish." Against the latter misfortune the professional can always ensure us.



WE saw last week that the Earl of Conway appointed Edward Seymour as one of his trustees. The Seymours, of Bury Pomeroy in Devonshire and of Maiden Bradley in Wiltshire, were the elder branch of the descendants of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector in Edward VI's time, whose second, intriguing, Stanhope wife had got the dukedom settled on her son. Edward Seymour, of the senior branch, received a baronetcy from James I on the first institution of that order. His great-grandson it was who, by marrying, as his second wife, Letitia Popham, niece to the second Viscountess Conway, obtained the Conway inheritance for his younger sons. From a letter which the earl wrote to Sir Edward Harley in May, 1683, we judge that Seymour was building in Wiltshire at the same time as was the earl in Warwickshire, and that a certain Mr. Halbert had something to do with the planning and building of both structures. The letter is dated from Ragley and—as given in Part II of the Fourteenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, tells us:

My cousin Seymour who has laid out more money in building than I have, has taken Mr. Halbert with him to Bradley. I perceive he likes my model better than his own, and will alter as much of his design as it will bear. This is all the reward of a builder

to have his work approved, though I can challenge no more share of it than the present Master of the Horse to the Duke doth in the commendation which the King gives him, by saying that when the Duke had a Master of the Horse who understood it very well, he was the worst horsed of any man in England; but now he hath one that understands a horse no more than a cow, he is the best horsed of any in the Kingdom. This is exactly applicable to my skill. I wish it may be to my success in building.

If the earl is not over-modest, the credit of producing one of the very largest and, in plan, most advanced country houses of its age seems to lie with "Mr. Halbert," which makes one all the more curious to know who he was and what were his qualifications. There is nothing in the earl's letter that shows that he had any suspicion of his approaching end; but in the following September Harley received an excuse from Francis Gwyn for not having sent an announcement of Conway's death. It had taken place in the previous month, as we know from a letter which, on August 13th, Gwyn had addressed to Lord Preston from Spring Gardens:

On Saturday last my poor Lord Conway died, which is one of the greatest losses that ever yet befell me. The Thursday before his death he made his will, and disposed of all his money which was 33,000*l* and all his other personal estate to his lady and her heirs &c. and likewise gave her ladyship her life in his whole estate both in England and Ireland, which is about 7,000*l*



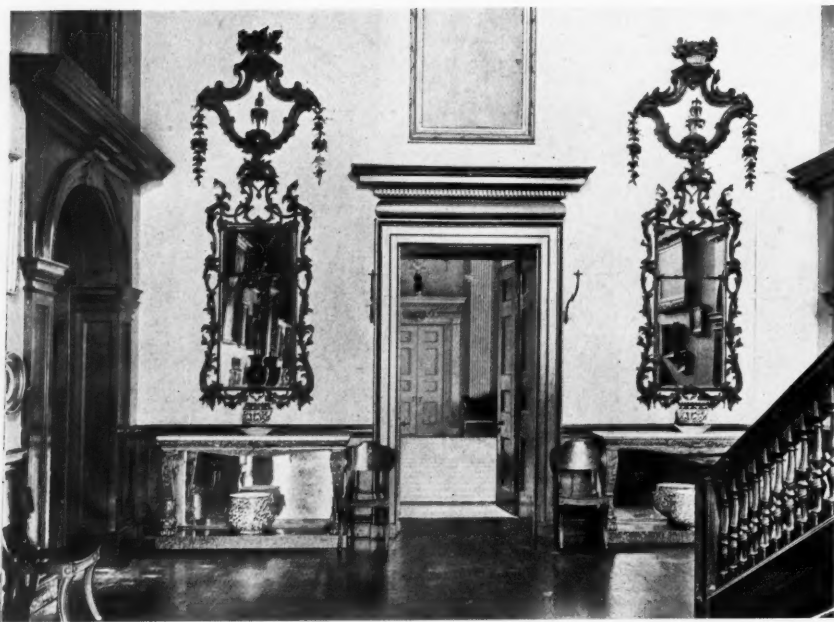




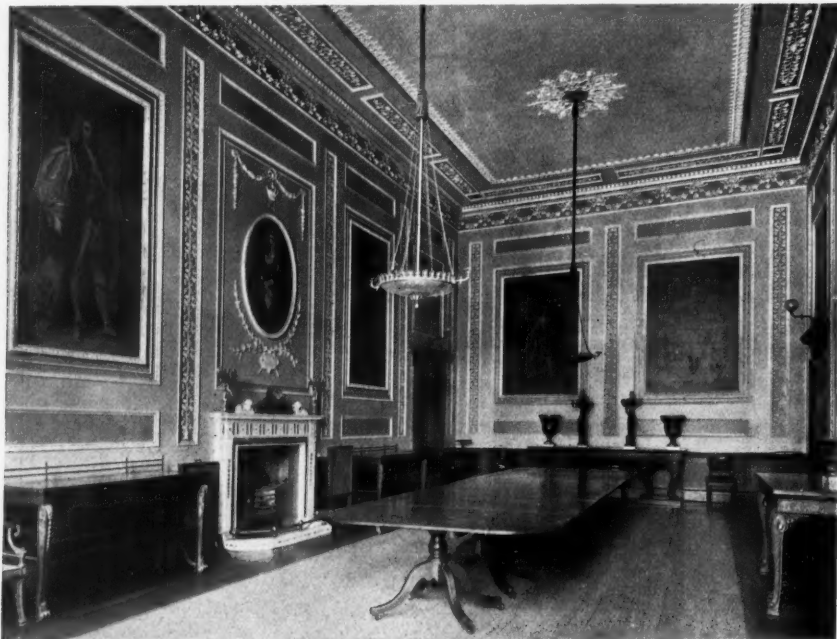
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2.—THE SALOON. (No. 17 ON PLAN.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."



3.—AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GREAT SOUTH STAIRCASE.



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4.—THE GREAT DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



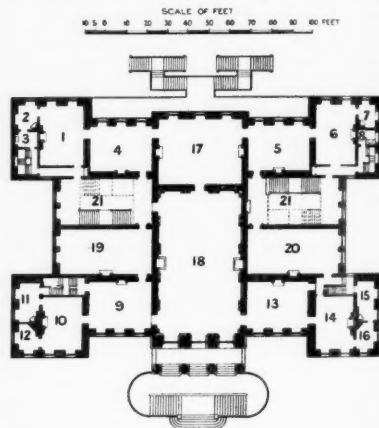
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5.—CHAMBER (No. 10 ON PLAN.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."

per annum. The remainder after my lady's life of his whole estate he hath settled upon my cousin Seymere's eldest son by this lady, and his two brothers successively, upon the condition they take the name of Conway; he hath left directions his great house at Ragley should be finished according to the discretion of Mr. Seymere and myself, out of his Irish estate during my lady's life, by as much annually as we shall think fit.

Francis Gwyn, of Forde Abbey in Somerset, was Clerk to the Council, and we find him at Windsor in 1682, writing Court and political gossip to Conway, with whom he was in such close friendship that another of Lord Preston's correspondents is astonished that he was not made an important legatee as well as a trustee under the earl's will. He, also, was cousin to "Mr. Seymere," who did not succeed his father as fourth baronet of Bury Pomeroy until 1688. But he had long been a man of importance, who had occupied the Speaker's chair from 1673 to 1679, and, as we discover from Conway's letter, was in a position to "lay out more money in building" than even Ragley was costing. By his second wife, Letitia Popham, he had two sons, of whom the elder, a boy of eight years old when he became heir-presumptive to Ragley in 1683, was to



6.—PLAN OF THE PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

As surveyed by William Tasker in 1871.

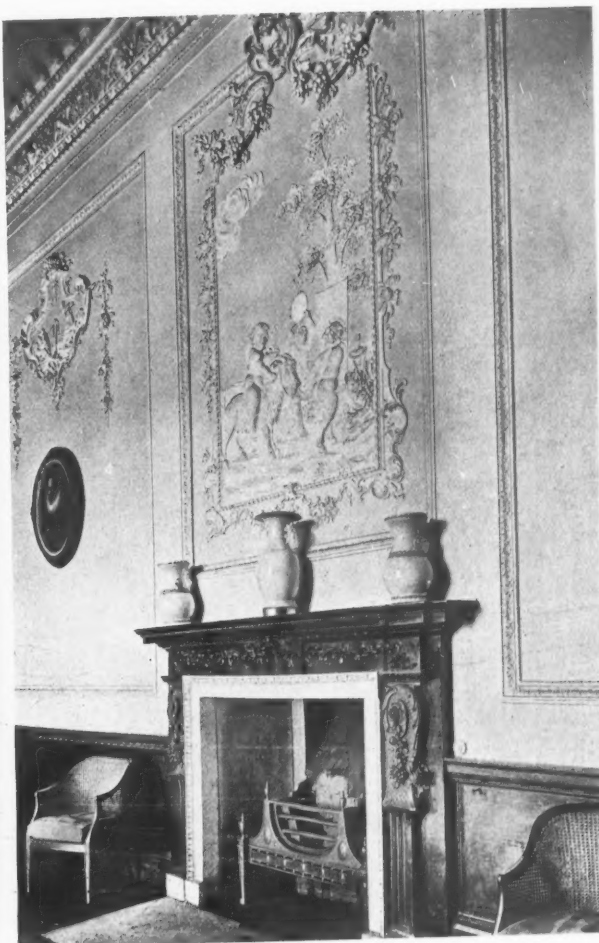
1, Chamber with painted silk furniture; 2, 3, dressing-rooms; 4, south-west drawing-room; 5, large blue drawing-room; 6, small blue drawing-room; 7, china room; 9, small library; 10, chamber; 11 and 12, dressing rooms; 13, billiard-room; 14, small dining-room; 17, saloon; 18, hall; 19, great library; 20, great dining-room; 21, 21, staircases.

be known as Popham Seymour-Conway, and it is as his seat that Ragley is described on the Kip engraving illustrated last week. That fixes its date rather exactly, for the young man possessed his great inheritance for two years only. The earl's widow did not die till 1697; and on June 4th, 1699, Popham Seymour-Conway fought a duel with Colonel Kirk, and on the 18th he died of the wound he had received. His heir was his brother Francis, who came of age in the following year, and in 1703 was given the Conway barony his father, now Sir Edward Seymour, having influence enough to obtain for him the revival of a title which had been held by the previous owners of Ragley. Of the new peer we learn little in either his public or his private capacity. Like his predecessor in the title, he married three times, but was more fortunate in that the third venture gave him sons. It was in 1718 that he married Charlotte,

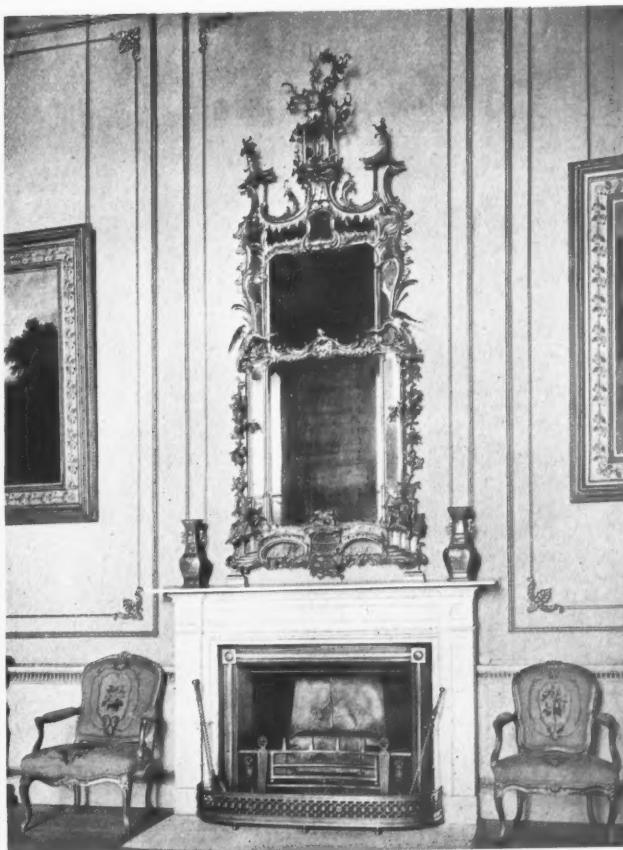




7.—DOORWAY IN CHAMBER NO. 10.



8.—STUCCOWORK IN THE BILLIARD ROOM.

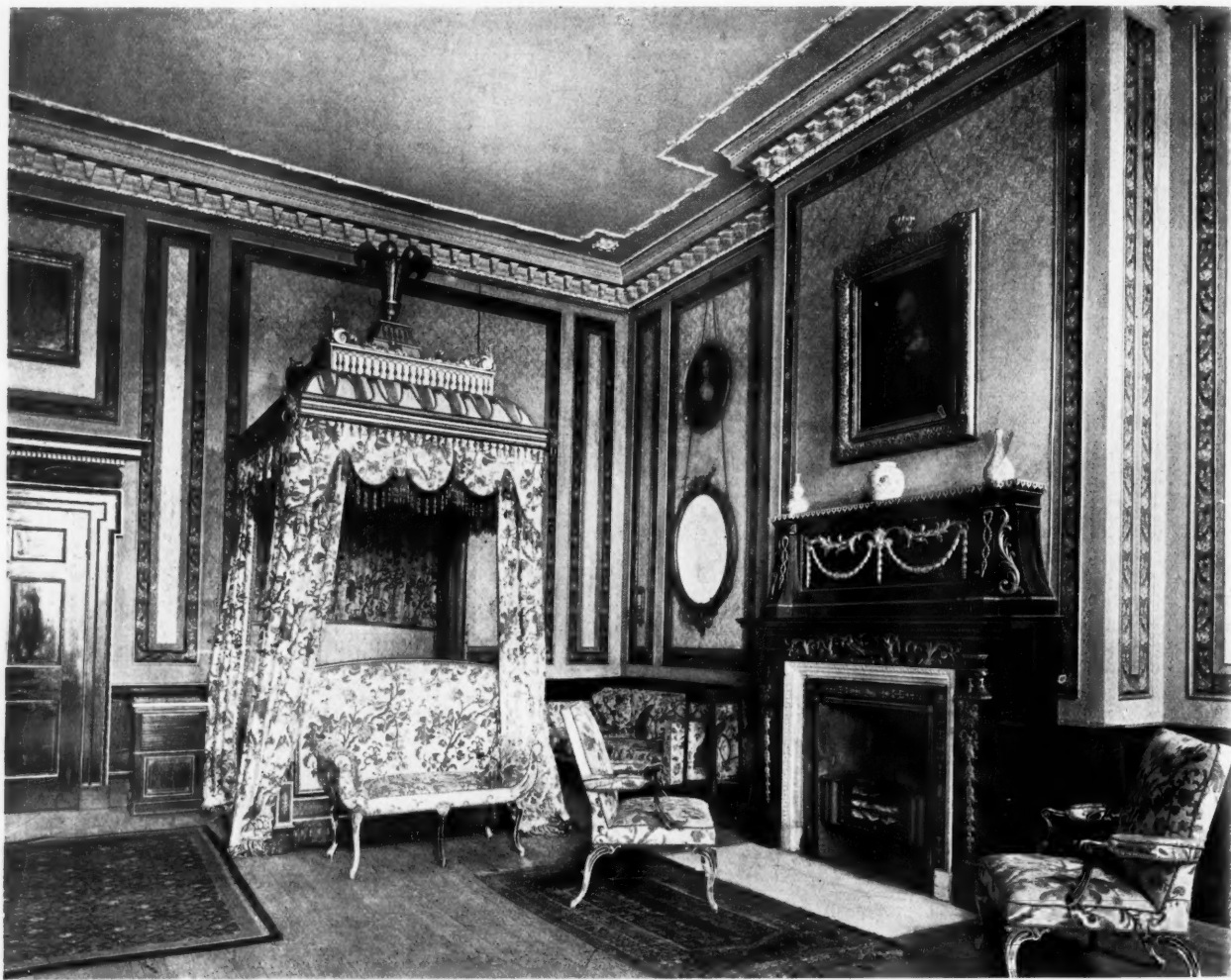


9 and 10.—MANTELPieces AND MIRRORS IN THE LARGE AND SMALL BLUE DRAWING-ROOMS.

daughter of Lord Mayor Shorter and sister to the wife of Prime Minister Walpole. It is the Shorter lion between battleaxes that appears impaled on the overthrow of the iron gates illustrated last week. But as the gates are, presumably, those which are shown at the entrance of the forecourt engraved by Kip in the time of Popham Seymour-Conway's short ownership, it would seem that his brother altered the heraldry after his third marriage. That event was very likely followed by considerable interior changes at Ragley. Some of the decorative work in the hall—and notably the doorways—we have already likened to what Colin Campbell introduced at Mereworth and Compton Place. Of the same character are other doorways, as in the chamber (Fig. 5) numbered 1 on the plan. Through that chamber, and occupying the south end of the pavilion, are two dressing-rooms, and in one of them the ceiling cornice and the window shutters have the big egg and tongue moulding that Campbell affected. Here also is a mirror of just the same quality. We must remember that in 1722 Campbell drew the designs for Houghton, and it is quite likely that Conway went for advice and designs to the same architect as did his brother-in-law,

Pomeroy line, but not the earldom and barony, so that it was possible to create a new Earl of Hertford and a Viscount Beauchamp in the person of the second Baron Conway, representative of the junior Bury Pomeroy line. Owing to family arrangements and political vicissitudes, the story of the Seymours and their titles from 1550 to 1750 is very intricate, but the above is about as accurate as a much-condensed version of it can be made. Eight years before he was made an earl Conway had married a daughter of the Duke of Grafton, and the Chippendale set may have been an item of the refurnishing of Ragley in view of that event.

As brother to General Conway, whom their first cousin Horace Walpole, ever held in the very highest esteem and consistently boomed as a statesman and soldier, we should expect much more frequent reference to Lord Hertford in the famous letter-writer's correspondence than really occurs. It is true that when the earl was on embassy in Paris in 1763-64, Horace Walpole addressed to him a very full and interesting series of letters on the social and political gossip of London. But, although addressed to the husband, they were especially



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11.—THE CHAMBER WITH PAINTED SILK FURNITURE. (No. 1 ON PLAN.) "COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Robert Walpole. It is, however, impossible to decide exactly what work was done between 1718 and 1732, and what was introduced after the coming of age of the second baron. He was fourteen years old when he succeeded his father, and so his alterations and refurnishings will not have begun much before 1740. That, however, is early enough to place a set of chairs and settees that were transferred from Ragley to Messrs. Christie's rooms in 1921 and described as—

A suite of Chippendale Mahogany Furniture with stuffed seats and back covered with brown leather, the frameworks boldly carved with lions' masks, foliage, scrolls and a coronet, and supported by lion's claw feet consisting of a pair of settees and four chairs.

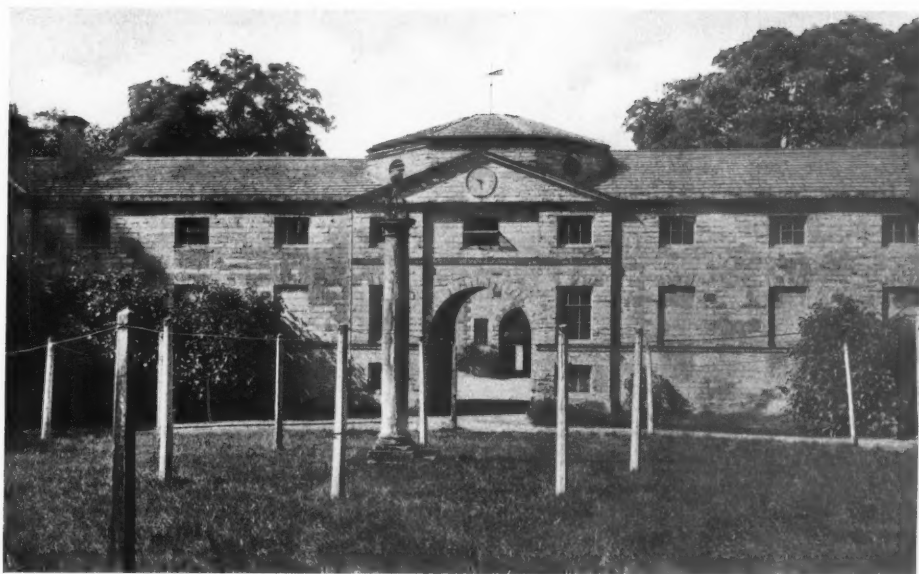
The coronet is that of a baron, and, therefore, the set certainly dates from before this Lord Conway received the Hertford earldom in 1750. In that year died Algernon, Duke of Somerset, last male of the line that, although cadet, was, as we have seen, through the determination of the Protector's second wife, made heir to the dukedom and subsidiary titles such as the earldom of Hertford and the Barony of Beauchamp. On the death of Duke Algernon, the dukedom went to the head of the Bury

intended for the entertainment of the wife, who is frequently alluded to in the general correspondence, while the earl is never even mentioned except in reference to or in conjunction with her. Walpole tells Bentley in 1755 that he has given "a feast in form to the Hertfords" at his house in Arlington Street, and had "all the Conways in the world" to meet them. In 1757 he intends, but fails, to pay a visit to Ragley "to see Lady Hertford while my lord is in Ireland." The next year, although Walpole is at Ragley for some time, he never mentions the earl, but writes to George Montagu how "a learned clergyman," seeing him "all over cobwebs and dirt and mortar," mistakes him for a factotum, and is much surprised when he walks in to dinner dressed and sits next to Lady Hertford.

The "dirt and mortar" imply some building operations, and lead to the surmise that the earl was already bitten with the "landscaping" mania begun by Kent and developed by Lancelot Brown, who had been at work not so very far away, at Croome Court, for some years before this. The disappearance of formalism at Ragley and the invasion up to the house of leafy groves was mentioned last week. On the south side of the



forecourt no walls or buildings were permitted to remain. On the north the stables and other offices, as seen in Kip's view, were reconstituted and developed, but every effort to pretend that they were not there was made, and only in winter do the bare boughs of the screen of trees betray their presence. And yet the buildings are so extremely presentable as to call for illustration. They consist of a court of offices, known as the laundry court (Fig. 12), and beyond that of the stable yard (Fig. 14). It will be noted that the south side of the laundry court is arranged as a colonnade (Fig. 13), of which the outside wall is pierced with rusticated window openings of precisely the same design as those of the ground floor or undercroft of the house itself. The doorway at the end of the colonnade is of the same type, and these are, no doubt, survivals of the original buildings shown by Kip. The rest will have been rebuilt or very largely modified in about 1780. But other portions of earlier work will also have been re-used. The arching that environs the various stable doorways (Fig. 14), is quite in late eighteenth century manner. But the stone door-frames themselves are of the same model as some of wood in the house, such as those from the staircases to the hall (Fig. 3). Moreover, inside a range of stables we find several beautifully designed and carved wooden door-cases precisely similar to those in the bedchamber already mentioned. The general form and much of the detail of the door-cases (Fig. 7), are such as arose before the close of the careers of Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons. But in the carving of the friezes we detect the beginnings of the rococo style, which did not prevail until George II's reign. Still, the rococo spirit here is so much in its infancy that it does not impugn the surmise that this work was introduced under the advice of Colin Campbell. Such door-cases also survive in the little library (Fig. 1, No. 9 on the plan), and were probably quite numerous until the later alterations of the first Earl of Hertford, carried out from 1778 to 1783. Then it probably was that changes were made in the saloon (Fig. 2, No. 17 on plan) and adjoining drawing-rooms. We find, for instance, chimneypieces and ceilings in the manner which we connect with the name of Robert Adam, but which was equally used by Wyatt in his classic work, as at Heveningham. The doorways of the whole of this western suite of reception rooms will have been widened to take double doors, and much plainer cases substituted for the earlier enriched ones, so



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12.—THE LAUNDRY COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

13.—COLONNADE IN THE LAUNDRY COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

14.—THE STABLE YARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that those now in the stables are likely to be some of the discards. Before this closing period of his career, Lord Hertford had evidently favoured a very florid type of the rococo and Chinese taste. The billiard room plasterwork (Fig. 8) will be by the same stuccoists whom Pococke found had been at work in the hall just before his visit in 1757. The mirrors (Figs. 9 and 10), now over the mantelpieces in the two north-west drawing-rooms (Nos. 5 and 6 on plan), are very large and elaborate examples of the most Chinese "inventions" of Chippendale, Mayhew and other cabinet-making producers of books of design of the last years of George II's reign. At the bottom of the great south staircase (Fig. 3) mirror makers and stuccoists appear to have combined to fill a large extent of wall space in this entertaining manner, some 13ft. of height being taken up by the compositions. In the state bedchamber (Fig. 11, No. 1 on plan) we get a suite of furniture of the same date, so far as chairs and settees are concerned; but, although hung with the same rare and beautiful painted silk, as to which more will be said in the article on furniture which follows this, the bed is later. It has a Regency look, and the feathers at the top may imply that it was intended for the Regent's own occupation. We must remember that the second Lord Hertford's second wife was a woman who combined beauty with brains, and Wraxall describes her as exercising "empire" over the Regent, but of an "intellectual" rather than of a "corporeal" kind. Let us therefore briefly trace the career of her husband. The earl of 1750 had been made a marquess in 1793, and had died in the following year. His son, born in 1743, had been known as Viscount Beauchamp after that title was given to his father in 1750 as subsidiary to the Hertford earldom. The boy developed much youthful intelligence, for when he was still a stripling his uncle, General Conway, received from Horace Walpole a letter showing that the lad had been his guest at Strawberry Hill and adding:

Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is seventeen.

The expectations that this letter may have raised were not very fully realised. In no way did Beauchamp reach eminence. Wraxall, however, describes him as commanding some attention in the House of Commons and as "occupying no mean place in the ranks of the opposition," while "his manners were noble yet ingratiating." He acted as Chief Secretary for Ireland while his father held the vice-regal office in 1765-66. He was on a mission to Berlin and Vienna when he succeeded to the marquessate, and he was Lord Chamberlain in the Regency period. His father seems to have left to him matters relating to building operations carried on at Ragley from 1778 to 1783. We find, for instance, that it was from Beauchamp that B. King, in December, 1783, receives—

Twenty Five Pounds Ten Shillings for Carving done at Ragley, being the ballance of my Bill in full of all Dem<sup>ds</sup>.

A large folio of estate accounts for these years relates to the final deformatising of the gardens, for it tells us of earth-moving on the west side of the house and of the pulling down of old stable

walls. Stonemasons are also engaged in refacing and other work, and window shutters are provided for the bedrooms on the principal floor. Another book contains John Denton's accounts as to "the New Buildings at Ragley begun December 1778." They relate to the same jobs and others of like kind, implying that the estate was doing part of the work while builders and other master craftsmen were, no doubt, employed for larger and more elaborate changes, such as the great east portico attributed to James Wyatt.

The second marquess, marrying two heiresses, was a very rich man, and when, in 1822, he died in the Manchester Square house—made historical by Thackeray, and now the home of the Wallace Collection—the settled estates were valued at £90,000 per annum. His son added to the family wealth, for he married, in 1799, Maria Fagniani, that young lady of mysterious parentage. She was legally the daughter of a Marquess Fagniani, and yet so dear and precious from her earliest childhood to George Selwyn that he was half demented until she was yielded up to him by her Italian parents to be educated in England and to find a country home at his Gloucestershire seat of Matson. When he died, in 1791, he left her £30,000. But his great friend, the Marquess of Queensbury—the "Old Q" of Piccadilly—who was also interested in her and lived on till 1810, bequeathed to her no less than £150,000. She and her husband lived much abroad, while their son, Richard, born in 1800, is said "never to have been in England." Paris was his headquarters, and the purchase of articles of art and vertu his favourite pastime. When he died, in 1870, he left Irish estates with a rent roll of £50,000 per annum and also much personalty, including his priceless collections, to Sir Richard Wallace, who housed the main part of the latter in Manchester Square, and by his widow's bequest they are now national property. Ragley and the titles passed to a cousin, who thus became fifth Marquess of Hertford. He found Ragley, after a long period of neglect, in a sad state of decay, and he employed Mr. Wm. Tasker of Bedford Row to effect changes and reparations. He made a careful survey, and, of his plans of the house, dated 1871, that of the main floor is now reproduced. The great staircases, with treads 8ft. 6ins. wide appear to be more or less renewals of the old; and his work is seen in the partial redecoration of the great dining-room (Fig. 4), where a portrait of Queen Victoria appears over the chimney-piece, but where the furniture includes a set of very beautiful late eighteenth century mahogany side tables and a huge sideboard, over nine feet long, of English Empire type. Outside, the formal gardens to the west were renewed on the lines shown in Kip's engraving, and balustraded flights of steps were established for a descent from saloon to garden, as shown in last week's illustrations. That of the garden gave some idea of the fine position of Ragley, with a vista cut through the hanging woods to the west. To the south, the eye is carried down to the low level of distant water and, again, up to where the far-off hills melt hazily into the sky. Ragley, as Harley judged it would be from the "beginnings" of 1680, is a "noble structure" and is as finely set as any of the great seats in the Midlands.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### THE SUFFOLK PUNCH AT NORWICH.

Suffolks were in great force at the Spring Show of stallions held at Norwich on Saturday. The honours were taken by the following: Mr. Denny Knight, of Acle, won the three year old and over, county class with Sudbourne Baronet, foaled in 1921. He was bred by the late Lord Manton, and was by Sudbourne Beau Brocade, while his dam was Sudbourne Model. Mr. J. T. Thistleton Smith was the runner up with Fakenham Peter, a dark chestnut by Sudbourne Peter Pan, foaled in 1919. In the open class for Suffolk stallions three years old and over, Mr. P. C. Vestey of Wickham Market was first with Sudbourne Premier, foaled in 1919. He, too, was bred by the late Lord Manton, and is a weighty horse well deserving of his place. Mr. A. Preston Jones being second with Horstead Punchinello, foaled in 1920. Mr. J. G. Morris took the championship with Rhadyr Reform, foaled in 1921. The first prize for old stallions went to Mr. J. B. Dimmock's Goalkeeper of Kent, a great horse well worthy of his famous ancestor. Mr. Thomas Cook of Bradwell, Great Yarmouth, carried off the championship in the Percheron classes with Hobland Bellman, foaled in 1921. The Hackney classes were not well filled. The quality, however, was first-rate. There were only three entries in the class for stallions four years old and upward, and the winner was Creak Candidate, belonging to Messrs. H. C. and H. V. Hevingham, a model Hackney. The special prize for Hackney stallions was won by Waterden Matchless, foaled in 1921, belonging to Mr. E. B. Hamond of Walsingham.

### BREED SOCIETIES AND THE WHITLEY CUP BACON COMPETITION, FOR THE 1924 DAIRY SHOW.

At a meeting of the National Pig Breeders' Association held on Friday, March 21st, there was keen discussion on the question as to whether the Association should not enter for the Whitley Cup Bacon

Competition, open to breed societies. The Association came to a decision in the negative on the ground that pig societies do not own or feed pigs, and as one breed may win the cup one year and style itself the "best" for bacon and another breed might win it next year and do the same, the position would in the end become ridiculous, as every pig breed society might under such conditions say that, having won the cup, its breed was the most suitable for bacon purposes. The Council, on the other hand, favoured the competition for two bacon pigs open to individual exhibitors and decided to do all in their power to support it.

### A 2,000-GALLON AYRSHIRE.

It is a great feat to have produced a 2,000-gallon cow of the comparatively small Ayrshire breed. Mr. James Kennedy of Glenshamrock, Auchinleck, has succeeded in doing so with his Glenshamrock Ellen, calved in 1912. Her sire was Glenshamrock Sir David. The following are her yields in 1922 and 1923: 1,851 gallons with an average of 4.22 butter fat in 47 weeks; between February 17th, 1923, and January 14th, 1924, she gave 2,016 gallons in 46 weeks, her butter ratio being 4.13, which must be considered extraordinarily good when consideration is given to the immense volume of milk. At the show of the Ayrshire Cattle Herd Society in February of last year she was awarded third prize as a cow in calf, receiving sixty points for appearance and thirty-five, the maximum, for milk. It is worth noting that the farm is an upland one, and great credit is due to Mr. Kennedy for having produced such a great milker on it. It shows what skill and attention can do under inauspicious circumstances.

### SHOULD FARMERS GROW VEGETABLES?

Farmers situated within convenient distance of market should remember that an honest penny might be turned by them if they would



grow more spring vegetables. From all the centres it would appear from the Agricultural Market Report, published by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, that the home supply is very light and that a considerable quantity of the greenstuff required just now is coming in from abroad. In London the report is that green vegetables of good quality are in demand, but poor quality stuff moves slowly. Fairly good supplies of French lettuce are in strong request, while savoy and French cauliflowers sell well. On the whole, supplies of vegetables are light. At Manchester vegetables are scarce. At Evesham vegetable supplies at the market remain small. At Birmingham, Bristol and elsewhere French cauliflowers appear to be having a good run. We notice that *The North British Agriculturist* draws attention to the deficiency in the vegetable supply this year, and it does not look forward to a speedy improvement as, although in some districts plants are doing well, they are not so numerous as last year. Prices have been running from 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. higher than last year.

#### TRACTOR TRIALS.

We are glad to hear from Mr. H. Scott Hall that the site for this year's demonstration by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has now been selected. The demonstration will take place during the week ending September 8th, and will be carried out at the farm belonging to Mr. J. E. Philp, namely, Heathrow Hall Farm, which is situated in the parish of Harmondsworth on the Bath Road, beyond Hounslow. The regulations covering the demonstration have already been drafted, and so soon as the committee has finally approved them, copies will be circulated.

#### SIX GUERNSEY HEIFERS FOR READING RESEARCH STATION.

Half-a-dozen Guernsey heifers have been presented to the Dairy Research Institute, Reading. They are to be used in a series of experiments on the feeding of cattle from the point of view of milk production. This is an important point to this fine breed, as the Guernseys are typical commercial cows, hardy, of good constitution and yielding a rich quality of milk. Some of their achievements are sufficient recommendation. To prove this it is only necessary to refer to recent records of the breed, in which it will be found that in fifty-two weeks the five year old cow Trequean Maggie 2nd, belonging to Mrs. R. C. Bainbridge, gave 10,983.5lb. of milk of 5.25 per cent. butter fat, while in forty-seven weeks Hayes Dolly, belonging to Sir Everard Hambro, gave 10,315lb. of milk of 5.23 per cent. butter fat. Mr. W. Roach's Favourite of Sunnyside, yielded in fifty weeks 10,259lb. of milk of 5.23 per cent. butter fat. Sir Everard Hambro also owns other thousand-gallon cows in Hayes Rose des Howards, Duchess 2nd of the Fontaine and Rosette 2nd, all over five years old; while among cows four to five years old Sir Everard's Ivy of Les Rues Friaries in fifty-two weeks gave 11,442.25lb. of milk of 4.94 per cent. butter fat. The record yield for a Guernsey cow this side of the Atlantic is 17,047lb. of milk and 813lb. of butter fat produced. This cow was Donnington Hettie 10th, in the herd of Mr. Arthur C. Harris of Donnington Manor, Chichester.

#### STIRLING PIG SHOW ABANDONED.

The show and sale of the Scottish National Association of Pig Breeders, to be held at Stirling on April 9th, has been abandoned owing to the risk of further outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease. The next show and sale should be held on September 16th if the omens are propitious.

## EARLY FLOWER EFFECTS

By E. H. M. Cox.

IT was the late Reginald Farrer who began one of his books with the wise remark that "Few things are more annoying than dogmatism; and dogmatism is nowhere more misplaced than in horticulture." These are words of wisdom, for there is no person so trusting as the gardener. He—or she—believes blindly whatever is said in praise or blame of a plant; and dogmatists, especially in the plant world, are notoriously untrustworthy.

Spring is the one time of year for which no rules and regulations can be laid down. She comes at most inopportune moments and disappears on the slightest provocation as quickly to some other part of the globe for a change of scene. She is here one day and gone the next, leaving plants, as well as humans, extremely puzzled as to what to do next. If a mortal has a house in a city and a garden in the country, he is foolish if he says at Christmas that he will go down on April 1st to see the daffodils in bloom. They will either be backward or their full beauty will be past. Whoever made April 1st into a fool's day was wise beyond his generation, for he only typified the fools that spring makes of everybody.



A MAGNOLIA AS A GARDEN SENTINEL.



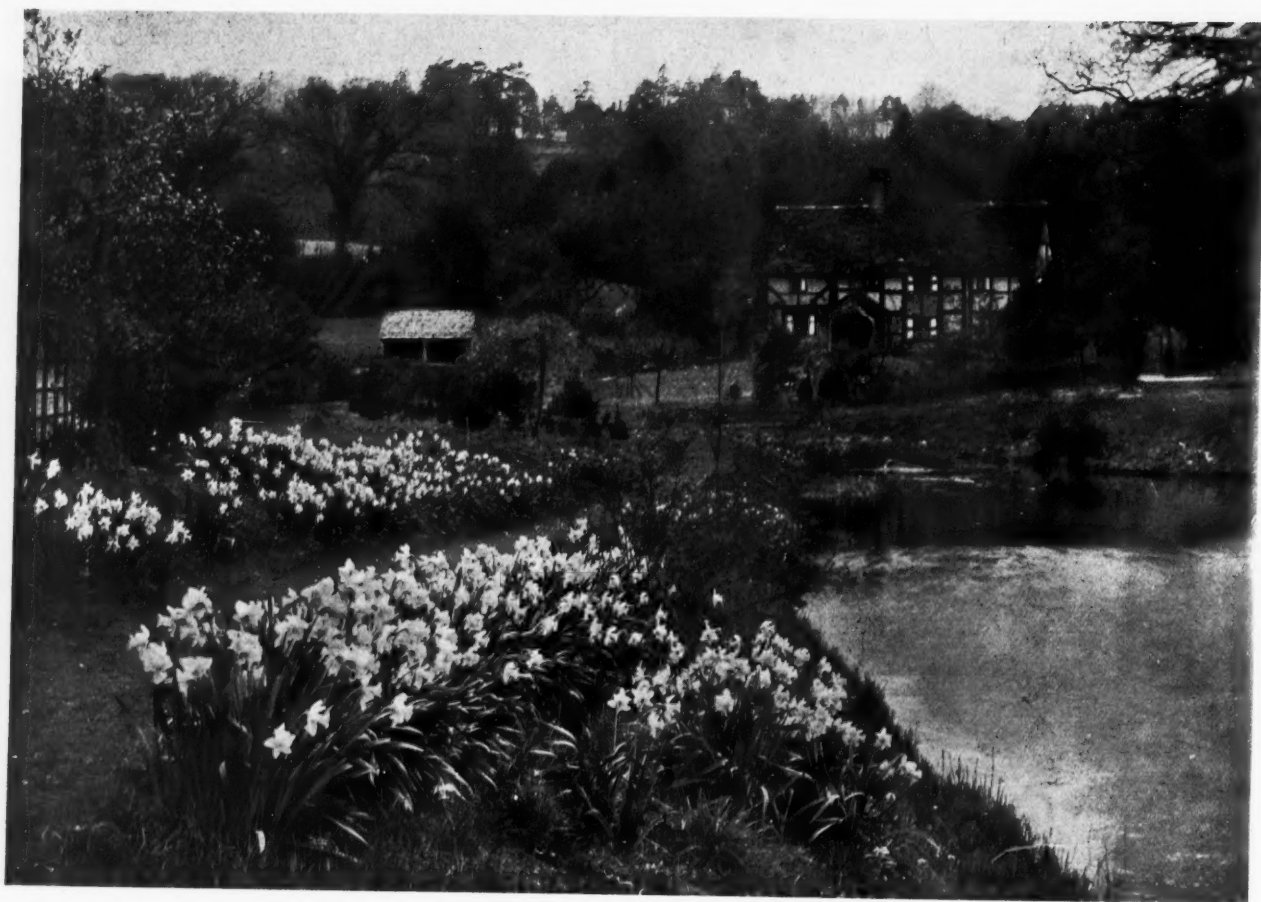
THE CROCUS BRIGHTENS A DRAB CARPET.

And yet it is this very waywardness of spring which has helped us to make our gardens so deservedly popular, for at this time of year it is impossible to garden by rule of thumb. It was really spring which blasted the Victorian form of gardening, again to quote from Farrer, that time when "A fat, handsome deadness seizes upon the popular taste like a great cancer. Up come the crinoline and the peg-top trouser, and the Victorian era, and the Crystal Palace, and carpet-bedding, and such a crew of attendant horrors that one shudders even in the second-hand reminiscence. Everywhere there is formality without beauty, extravagance without value." Spring, at least, has no formality about her. She carpets the soil with sheets of bluebells and daffodils and primroses when and where she wills.

It is little use trying to formalise a springtime garden, for Nature will at once put up an opposition in the coppice and hedgerows and draw everyone, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin.



DRIFTS OF TRUMPET DAFFODILS.



EVEN THE COTTAGE HAS ITS YELLOW ATTENDANTS.

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All that we can do is to try to copy as best we can and plant out bulbs in the fields and woods to take their chance.

Even the great sentimentalise in the spring; so it may be permitted to point out again the well known fact that spring alone of all the seasons is able to draw the city dweller in her wake. In a week or so, on any Saturday or Sunday evening, on every road leading into London, you can see swarms of bicycles laden with dragged bunches of bluebells. At no other time of the year does the town dweller have that craving for flower picking. It is only misfortune that makes the bluebell one of the shortest lived of all flowers once it is plucked from the growing plant.

Within the past few years flowering shrubs have become popular in our gardens. The original impetus probably came from Japan, where cherry-time is a national holiday. Strictly speaking, they are not gardeners as we are. They have no spring bulbs, and have remained satisfied with their cherries. We, on the other hand, must always have something fresh to titillate our palates, and so we have added the cherry, the magnolia and other flowering shrubs to our gardens. One of the finest of all is our own native wild cherry, *Prunus Avium*, only too little seen nowadays. A fine old tree growing in that part where the garden disappears into the woodland is one of the most lovely of sights when the tree is a shimmering mass of white, with a snowy carpet of fallen petals beneath it.

But the one part of the garden which in the spring really belongs to the gardener or owner is the rock garden. To satisfy the senses with drifts of daffodils and carpets of crocuses requires space, and it is not possible for everybody to possess it; but the rock garden is the poor man's garden. It can be just as fine in a little plot as in the ten-acre garden, and it depends solely on the handiwork of man. Here is where personal tastes and fancies can have full control: and the number of spring-flowering plants is legion. It is the ideal place for pottering, for a hand's turn in the rock garden has more to show for it than an hour's work in the kitchen garden.

But let those who garden in the spring always keep in mind that she is a jade who requires watching. Let the groundwork of your flower plan consist of plants which are more or less impervious to the weather, so that whatever April may bring forth, at any rate you may have something to gratify your desire for the first flowers of the year. Do not always try and outdo your neighbour in rarity, but realise once and for all that the primrose is still one of the finest of the primulas after all these years, and that aubrietias, although, maybe, sneered at by the sophisticated, have more loveliness to the square inch than many other more highly prized plants have to the square yard. When this groundwork is completed, then you can branch out and collect plants from the wide world to fill your garden. The garden is a place to satisfy your senses and not—but this is dogmatising.



A TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, WITH THE POET'S NARCISSUS.



THEY GAILY NOD THEIR HEADS EVEN AMONG YEWS.



LATER COME THE TULIPS, OF EVERY SHADE AND VARIETY.

## RED POLL CATTLE

BY SIR MERRIK R. BURRELL, BT., C.B.E.

**T**HE early history of polled—that is, hornless—breeds of cattle goes back into mythical times. Historians, archaeologists and geologists have chronicled, however, a good deal of information on the subject. The earliest mention of polled cattle records their being in Egypt in 2150 B.C., and their remains have been found in Switzerland, Holland and Ireland, also dating to about 2000 B.C. Then we learn of them as being in Assyria and Babylonia in about 700 B.C., and later again they are mentioned by both Greek and Roman writers. Herodotus mentions them as being possessed by the ancient Scythians, and Mittendorff suggests that these worked their way northwards from Southern Russia into Scandinavia. From there they came to Britain with the Norseman, right at the end of the Anglo-Saxon invasion.

The characteristic of hornlessness is extraordinarily dominant, half-breeds of horned and hornless parents being nearly always without horns. This proves that polled cattle are quite distinct from the horned breeds and not merely "sports," or descendants of sports of horned cattle, as was thought by Darwin.

The polled cattle introduced into Britain by the Norseman were probably dun in colour. But, although their polled characteristic was dominant, their colour was not, for on the East Coast of Scotland, where they blended with the indigenous black cattle, the result was the ancestors of the Galloway and Aberdeen-Angus, and on the East Coast of England where they met the influence of the red cattle, which had been imported by the Anglo-Saxons, the result was the Red Poll. In each case they gave up their colour, but eliminated the horns. In Norway at the present time there are polled cattle either black, dun, red or grey, and sometimes these colours are spotted with white. More modern information tells us that red and polled cattle have been held in high esteem in Norfolk and Suffolk for the past two hundred years. There were polled cattle of other colours, due to promiscuous crossing, but the reds found most favour.

Early in the eighteenth century three Norfolk farmers, Mr. Reeve of Wighton, Mr. England of Bingham, and Mr. George of Eaton, co-operated to improve this local breed by selection, and the present-day Red Poll from that time began to evolve on carefully controlled lines. At length, in 1873, it became evident to breeders that it was necessary to register their cattle in a Herd Book if the purity of the breed was to be maintained. Mr. Henry Euren of Norwich undertook to do this and brought out the first four volumes of the Herd Book. In 1888 the Red Poll Cattle Society was formed with Mr. Euren as Secretary and Editor of the Herd Book.

There were forty-four subscribers to that volume, and an entry of 246 bulls and 671 cows, all located in Norfolk and Suffolk. To-day there are about 500 members of the Society, and some seven thousands of registered cattle from all over Great Britain. Red Poll Cattle Societies have been also established in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and the United States of America, each with its own Herd Book. In Great Britain the Herd Book is hermetically sealed—no "graded-up" cattle can be entered. These hardy cattle have also spread to and are thriving in France, Rhodesia, Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay and Nigeria.

Red Polls are of medium size, on short legs, very thrifty, and will do well on poor land, either heavy or light, on which

some of our bigger breeds will not maintain their condition nor reproduce their true size and quality. The food, either in summer or winter, necessary to maintain four cows or bullocks of the bigger breeds will keep five Red Polls in good condition.

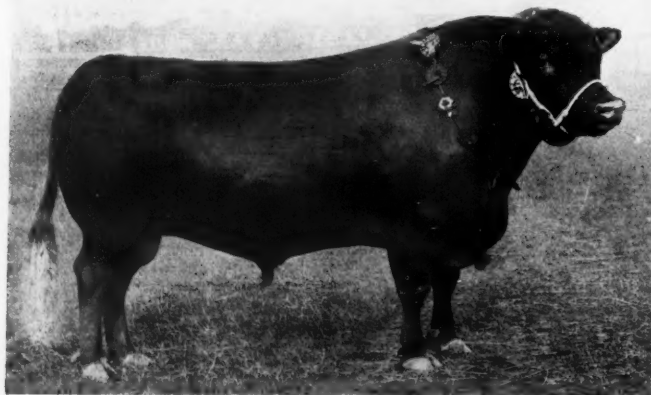
Sir Thomas Beever, writing of these cattle in 1788, says "they are so tame and docile that I never knew any mischief done by them to any other animal." This charming trait of the breed, coupled with the fact of their being without horns, enables a dozen of them to be fed at the same manger space that would be required to accommodate four horned stock.

They should be blood-red in colour, but the switch of the tail and the udder may be white. The nose should be flesh colour. The general description of them given by John Kirby in his "Suffolk Traveller" of 1735 cannot be bettered to-day. He wrote "the Red Poll cow has a clean throat, with little dewlap; a snake head, thin and short legs, the ribs springing well from the centre of the back; the carcass deep, the belly heavy, the back-bone ridged, the loin narrow, the udder square, large, loose and creased when empty, the milk veins remarkably large and rising in puffy knots."

Red Polls, originating as they do from both the heavy milking Norse cattle and from the more beefy Anglo-Saxon cattle (of which the Sussex and North Devon cattle are true examples to this day) are strictly dual-purpose cattle. They are excellent milkers, and the steers even from very heavy milking cows make first quality beef. The proportion of dead weight to live weight is high, owing to their general quality and the fineness of their bone. They mature quickly into beef and yield joints of the size which is in the greatest demand in the higher class meat trade.

Although milk recording, combined with the feeding of milch cows in the most economical and best way, is only in its infancy, many herds of Red Polls yield an average of at least 8,000lb. of milk per cow per annum. For example, the Lichfield Herd belonging to Messrs. E. and B. Moore averaged 9,647lb. last year, Mr. Woodgate's herd at Framlingham 8,600lb., Mr. Munning's herd at Mendham, 8,360lb., Captain Richardson's at Seven Springs, 8,100lb.

In 1922 Gressenhall Molly only failed by a few pounds to give 20,000lb. of milk in her lactation, with a butter percentage of 4 per cent. During that year she was shown at the Royal, and won the Milking Championship of all breeds, and later in October won first in the Inspection class at the London Dairy Show, thereby showing the very characteristic trait of the Red Poll of maintaining good condition while milking heavily. But a wonderful yield in one particular year is no real test of a good dairy cow; what is needed is a high average yield over a number of years, and a calf born every year. Probably no breed of cattle can excel the Red Poll in longevity, persistent milk yield through a number of years, and prolificacy. To take only a few examples: Linda 3rd, the property of the late Sir Walter Corbett, and thought by that very experienced judge and noted breeder, Mr. Harvey Mason, to be the best cow he has ever seen, averaged 9,619lb. in ten years and took first prize at the R.A.S.E. Show. She bred two first prize and cup winners at Smithfield and other fat stock shows, and also a great dairy cow in Acton Fillpail, which won at the London Dairy Show, and averaged 10,293½lb. for three years; a wonderful example of the true dual-purpose animal. She is nearly equalled, however, by Rendlesham Fay, which lived to be

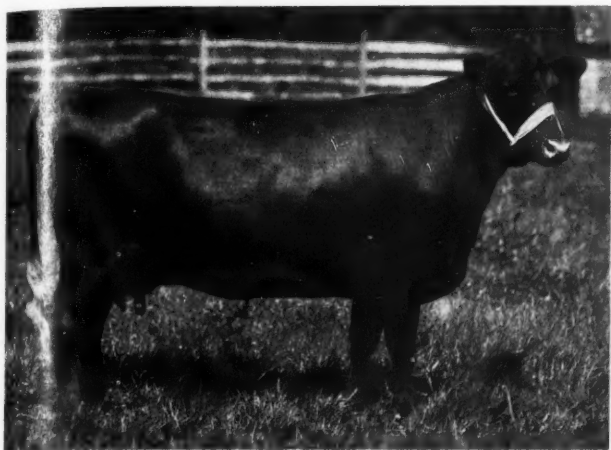


NECTON GLOUCESTER, unbeaten champion at every show in 1922. The property of Major J. Gordon Dugdale.



GHURKA is the calf of a 1,000-gallon cow, and his sire is out of a 1,000-gallon cow. Now in the herd of Mr. Davis Brown, Marham. Winner of many prizes.





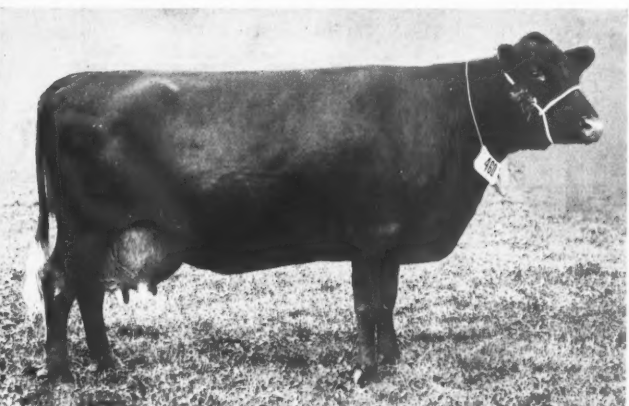
KNEPP COWSLIP 3RD: gave over 1,000 gallons with second calf. The illustration shows the sharp, alert look characteristic of the breed.



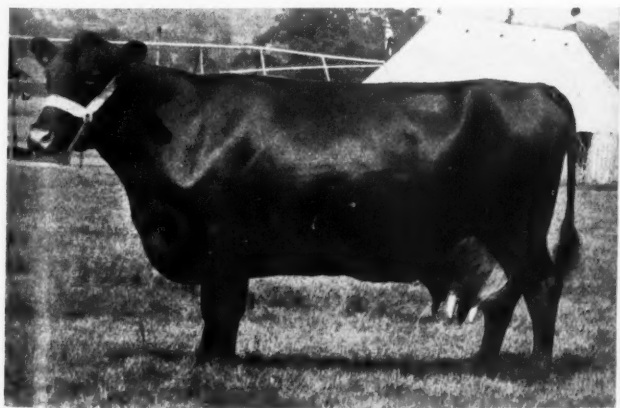
SUDBOURNE MINERVA: a great champion, whose record is fully given on page 488.



MEDDLER MERRYTHOUGHT: gave 3 galls. per day fifteen months after calving. Gave 12,935½ lbs. in 365 days with first calf.



MISS SYBIL 13TH: a perfect Red Poll cow of the milk type; has given up to 6½ gallons of milk a day.



KETTLEBOROUGH ROSIE: in Major Morrison's herd at Basildon. First in milking trials at Tunbridge Wells.



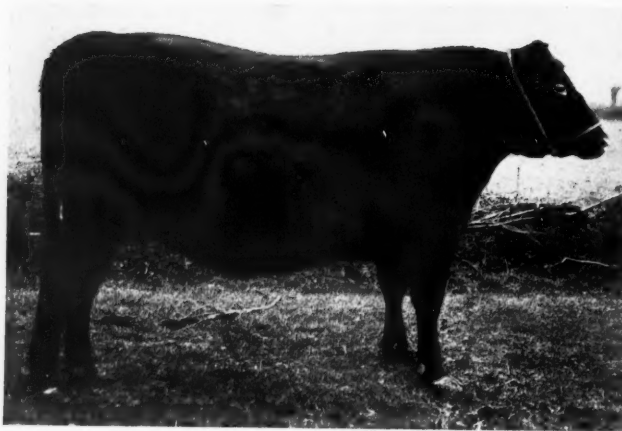
MARHAM PLAINTAIN: a winner and the dam of many winners. She gave 10,300 lbs. of milk in 1923.



HAREFIELD RUTH: first prize dairy trials, London, 1922. Yielded in 1922 8,384 lbs. of 5.5 per cent. butter-fat milk.



HUTTON DAHLIA II: first prize dairy trials, London, 1922.



Mr. W. F. Paul's Red Poll steer (live weight, 15cwt. 2st.; carcass weight, 1,022lbs.). Fed without cake.



KNEPP MEADOW DELL 2ND, now in the herd of Colonel the Hon T. H. Payne in Australia. First prize in cow class, Melbourne, 1923.

seventeen years of age, averaged 11,000lb. of milk in the last five years of her life, and was dam of a steer which won at the Fat Stock Show at Ipswich. Mr. Walne's Kettleborough Rosie 1st, had twenty-three calves and averaged over 11,000lb. of milk for ten years. Also his Kettleborough Ruby 5th, which bred twenty-one calves, yielded up to 13,611lb. with an average of over 10,000 lb. in five years. Mr. Newton's Flax-Moor Ruby, twenty years of age, averaged 12,500lb. of milk for eleven years. Mr. Harvey Mason's great cow Gemma, which lived to be nineteen years old, had sixteen calves, averaged 8,500 lb. of milk and produced 9,374lb. with her twelfth calf; her butter-fats averaged 4 per cent. Sudbourne Queen 1st gave 14,500 lb., Sudbourne Minnie 15,046½lb., and won many prizes at the London Dairy Shows, including the Lord Mayor's cup and Shirley cup in 1914. Her daughter, Sudbourne Minerva, the property of the writer of this article, has even surpassed her dam. She has won first Inspection, second Milking Trials, first Butter Test, Spencer Cup, Red Poll Special and Champion gold medal at the London Dairy Show in 1919; first Inspection and second Milking Trials at the London Dairy Show in 1920; second in the Red Poll cow class at Sussex County Show, first in the Red Poll cow class and the Wakeley cup for cow or heifer of any breed (pedigree or crossbred), whose official record from October 1st, 1919, to October 1st, 1921, was 10,000lb., or over, at South Eastern Counties and Tunbridge Wells Show, in 1921; first Inspection at the Royal Counties Show, first Milking Trials and fourth Inspection at the Royal Show, first in Recorded cow class (all breeds), first Milking Trials and 2nd Inspection at Sussex County Show, in 1922; second Milking Trials at the Royal, first Inspection, first Milking Trials, first for Recorded cow (all breeds), at Sussex County Show, and first Inspection at South-Eastern Counties and Tunbridge Wells Show, in 1923. In her lactations since she first calved in 1916, she has given 8,234½lb., 8,892lb., 12,766½lb., 11,299lb., 13,579lb., 16,345lb., and 12,100lb. (in thirty-four weeks) and is still giving four gallons per day at time of writing. Her butter fats average about 4 per cent. It would be quite easy, but wearisome, to extend this list of high-class milking cows of the Red Poll breed.

No cattle look better when grazing as a herd; their uniformity of colour and type, their alert look and quick, active, movement are all very pleasing. Flies seem to worry them less than most cattle, as they both graze and rest in a bunch and so whisk the flies off one another. Their picturesqueness makes them eminently suitable for a gentleman's park and home farm,

while their hardiness, gentleness, and good milk and beef yields on a very economical ration prove them to be the best small-farmers' cattle in the world. Their freedom from tuberculosis is very marked, and, as they are cattle which do not need pampering in hot cow-houses, there is no reason why they should ever become subject to it. The breed has now ceased to be merely the local breed of East Anglia and ranks as one of our great national breeds. Every year it grows in popularity, earned by its own merits and not by mere press propaganda; every year more and more people found new herds. Probably no breed has suffered so little in the slump in prices of pedigree cattle since the Armistice.

The Council of the Society is fully alive to the desirability of spreading the breed ever wider throughout the country and liberally assists the prize funds of many shows. It lies in the hands of the breeders themselves to assure the continuance of the success of the Red Poll breed of cattle by always aiming to keep its dual-purpose characteristics, to maintain its hardiness, and by never sacrificing utility for show points. Last, but not least, the breed owes a great deal to the support given it by the Patron of the Society, H.M. the King, who has at the present time a very successful herd of Red Polls at Sandringham.

The old saying "Down corn, up horn," was never more true than to-day. The growing of cereals at a profit is impossible, and so the breeding and raising of good class stock of all kinds becomes more and more important. The cheapest and best food for them is that grown on the farm. A valuable pedigree animal eats no more than a mongrel, and, doing better on its ration, is cheaper to feed. This unfortunate and disastrous outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease must stop all export of pedigree stock for some months, and a fall in pedigree prices will ensue. So everything points to this being the psychological moment for everyone who can to go in for pedigree stock, and nobody will ever regret starting a herd of Red Polls.

It has been proved, too, what an excellent cross a pedigree Red Poll bull makes with the ordinary commercial non-pedigree cow; he eliminates the horns, increases the quality and imports the hardiness and docility of his breed. Very useful bulls can be purchased at very moderate prices well within the reach of any farmer, and nothing would do the cattle of most counties more good than the replacement of the many mongrel bulls in use, every one of which is doing harm to the cattle breeding industry, by bulls of the Red Poll dual-purpose breed, which will produce heifers worth milking and steers which will fatten easily and leave a profit.

## FURRIN' PARTS

I labour under western skies,  
Where speech is deep of tone.  
'Mid folding hills the old school lies,  
Hills redder than my own.  
But I am craving for the talk,  
The "yeurr" and "surelye then,"  
For the old talk,  
For the bold talk,  
The talk of Sussex men.

I watch the sunlight fade away  
On crests of pine and thorn;  
But oh to see the gorse clumps sway  
On windy Ecclesbourne!  
There is no likeness in the hills  
That skirt these pretty towns  
To the long hills,  
To the strong hills,  
The great unconquered downs.

G. D. M.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE DIAGONAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of March 15th, Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart has an interesting article on the "Diagonal Cadence" of the horse's trot, and it is evident he has studied the subject carefully. A point, however, he does not explain is, what is it in the action of a horse which causes one diagonal to be more comfortable to himself, and, incidentally, to his rider, than the other? In a sound horse there is no difference visible to the eye, however skilled and experienced. One would also like to ask if proof can be produced showing that horses tire when the rider rises always on the same foot, as is usual, more quickly than they do when the rider changes the diagonal so as to work both evenly. Or, again, can it be shown that horses which are ridden usually on one diagonal go lame in the legs of that diagonal more frequently than they do in those of the other? The writer has never heard either of these questions satisfactorily answered. It has always appeared to him that it is six on one and half a dozen on the other as regards the work on the two diagonals, since the weight of the rider comes down on the seat in the one case, and on the stirrups in the other, for the rise is, in reality, only transferring the weight from seat to stirrup. It is not that the weight comes down on one pair of legs exclusively while the others get off altogether. Yet it must be admitted that there is "a something," for it is undeniable that one diagonal is more comfortable than the other, in the great majority of cases, to both horse and man. I have always put it down, personally, to something in the horse akin to a man preferring to stand on one leg, or, when jumping, to take off from one foot rather than the other. It is natural in man to be right or left handed, legged or eyed; and, even if the limb or eye which is inferior be practised with the utmost care, it never quite equals the other. If, then, there is a difference in the work on the diagonals owing to the rise and fall of the rider, which, for the reason given above, the writer is not quite prepared to admit, it would seem to be infinitesimal, and is met by the horse taking it quite naturally and rightly on his master's pair, thus working each according to its capacity. The horse may be given credit for some sense. If this is the case, there would not seem to be anything to be gained by attempting to disturb the natural rise; but if, on the other hand, Colonel McTaggart has figures at his disposal which prove his theory by definitely answering the questions put above, then the writer will be readily prepared to surrender his view.—P. E. RICKETTS.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY NINETY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While all eyes are turned to the National Gallery, it may be of interest to draw attention to a little water-colour in the Victoria and Albert Museum by F. Mackenzie, representing a view of the National Gallery about ninety years ago, when it was still lodged in Angerstein's house, 100, Pall Mall. In 1834 the pictures were removed to 105, Pall Mall while the present building was in progress, which was first opened to the public in 1838. The pictures constituting the National Gallery prior to 1834 consisted of the original thirty-eight pictures of the Angerstein collection and several important additions: the principal purchases were the three pictures bought together from Hamlet for £9,000, viz., the "Bacchus and Ariadne," by Titian; the "Bacchanalian Dance" (62), by Poussin; and the "Domine, Quo Vadis?" by Annibale Carracci; and the two Correggio's ("Mercury, Venus and Cupid" and "Ecce Homo"), bought for £11,500 from Lord Londonderry. Sir George Beaumont's handsome gift was added to the collection in 1826, and the Holwell Carr bequest still further enriched it in 1831. Important works had also from time to time been presented by the British Institution. Thus, when the water-colour in question was done, the National Gallery must have been a sort of Salon Carré, a gallery of masterpieces—small but choice; and it is interesting to follow the fortunes of these masterpieces since they were first acquired. Many have for the last years been relegated to the reference section, to be brought out now only as a tribute

to the taste of the founders of the Gallery; others are still counted among our most precious possessions. The painting is so accurate in the minutest details that it is possible to recognise almost every picture, even if only a portion of it is seen. On the extreme left the side of a frame is seen over the mantelpiece, but the fortunate introduction of a copyist in front of it makes it possible to identify the picture with the "Consecration of St. Nicholas," by Veronese. On the next wall, left of the doorway, hangs Gaspard Poussin's "Land Storm," and below, Reynolds' "Holy Family." Over the doorway, Reynolds' so-called "Banished Lord," Rubens' "Conversion of St. Bayon" (now in Edinburgh), and the Florentine "Portrait of a Lady," formerly ascribed to Allori. Right of the door hangs Cuypp's famous "Evening Landscape," No. 53, and below it Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne," a juxtaposition scarcely calculated to show off the pictures at their best! On the next wall nearest the corner Correggio's "Ecce Homo" is skved over Claude's "Cephalus and Procris" and "Embarkation of St. Ursula." The centre of the wall is occupied by Sebastiano del Piombo's "Raising of Lazarus," drawn slightly out of perspective, so that it makes the impression of being square rather than upright; and on the extreme right, above,

to-day to get a glimpse of what it was like a century ago.—STRELENA.

## APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder whether any satisfactory origin will ever be discovered for "The morn when laughing Folly rules"—April 1st. Conjectures are legion, but not one of them seems to be particularly satisfactory. For instance, tradition gave April 1st as Solomon's birthday, which notion we may surely dismiss with a smile and the recollection that it was Bismarck's. Another equally quaint suggestion connects it with the first day of the month on which Noah sent the dove out of the ark on a fruitless errand. Some guessers have referred the custom to the capriciousness of April weather, and others, remembering that it was once Old Fools' Day, declare that it is a survival of attempts to make venerable Druids look ridiculous when their religion was going out of favour. The French Poisson d'Avril has also been variously explained. Poisson has been supposed a corruption of Passion, thus commemorating the mocking journeys between Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod. Douce imagined that "poisson" referred to the silly mackerel, which allowed themselves to be caught in such



THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN ANGERSTEIN'S HOUSE IN PALL MALL.

Guido Reni's "St. Jerome"; then Claude's "Seaport," and below, Van Dyck's "Theodosius and St. Ambrose." On another wall evidently hangs Titian's "Venus and Adonis," for a copy of it is seen on the ground, resting against a bench. The pictures in the farther room are almost as clearly seen, only the last row on the right-hand wall is indistinguishable. In the doorway itself hangs Murillo's "Peasant Boy" (No. 74). Beyond are seen Poussin's "Bacchanalian Dance," Rubens' "Chateau of Steen," and Poussin's "Cephalus and Aurora" on the line, with Annibale Carracci's "Landscape" (No. 63), the copy of Raphael's "Julius II," Sebastiano del Piombo's "Portrait of a Lady as St. Agatha," and a Claude, possibly "Isaac and Rebecca," above. The lower row of pictures is less easily distinguishable except for Guercino's "Dead Christ," below the Rubens landscape on the right, and Claude's "Death of Procris" on the left. The man copying appears to be engaged on Rembrandt's "Woman Bathing," while the end wall above the far door is occupied by Tintoretto's "St. George and the Dragon." The colour of all the pictures is unpleasantly crude and suggests the question of how far they may have become mellowed during the last hundred years. It is more likely, however, that this crude colour is due rather to the artist's desire to accentuate all the details. In general the picture is not to be judged by artistic standards, but is a historical document of unique interest which will enable those who visit the National Gallery

numbers at this season. Possibly the truth lies in a very ancient common origin of all festivals of foolery. At the Huli it has been the immemorial practice of the Hindus to despatch their friends on errands ending in disappointment. In Persia the vernal equinox was celebrated in similar fashion. There, surely, we have the sleeveless errands which "cannot be unfolded" of time-honoured English merrymaking. Similar, too, is the Scottish "Hunting the gowk," or cuckoo, from place to place.

"On the first day of April  
Hunt the gowk another mile."

It is all very silly, but it certainly has the sanction of antiquity.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

## A MASSACRE OF ROBINS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I should be pleased if any of your readers could throw any light on the following: Some little while ago my son found three old nests, all within 150yds. of each other, in a roadside fence near here. Two were hedge sparrows' and one a finch's. In each of them he found a dead robin lying on its back with the head under the bird. The birds were fairly fat, and had not been killed, apparently, by any animal. Can some correspondent suggest any likely cause of death? It seems very peculiar that they were all so close together and all in the same position.—H. BRACE BROOKES.

## "THE PRINCE OF SCOTLAND."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your leading article of March 1st (St. David's Day) you say that not many people are aware that the Prince of Wales is also Prince of Scotland. It is quite true that the title Prince of Scotland was created in 1469; but there are also fewer people still who are aware that he is, besides Prince of Scotland, entitled to a higher princely title, namely, Prince of Great Britain. This latter title is set forth in "The British Compendium or Rudiments of Honour of the Royal Family," Part I, printed in the year 1738. There Frederick Lewis, (the then) Prince of Wales, was styled Prince of Great Britain, Prince and Steward of Scotland, Lord of the Isles, etc. In a footnote to this work it is stated that "Since the Union of England and Scotland in 1707 the Title of the Prince of Wales hath been Prince of Great Britain (but he is still commonly styled Prince of Wales) as he is also Duke of Rothesay and Seneschal or Steward of Scotland from the first hour of his birth (as being the King's eldest son) a Title given in the year 1396 to David Stewart, Son to King Robert III. To him is likewise given and granted Letters Patent to hold the said Principality to him and his Heirs, King of England; by which words the Separation of this Principality is for ever prohibited." In later days the history of Wales has been almost identical with the history of England, the Principality and country marching side by side in sure and steady progress.—HUBERT BURROWS.

## TAR AND FEATHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was on the shore to-day (March 8th) between Dungeness and Rye. I found a diver, which I presume is a red-throated diver, in winter plumage, absolutely covered in tar. When I went to pick it up I found it was alive but absolutely incapable of movement owing to all its limbs being clogged with tar. The whole bird looked as if it had been given a bath in tarmac. In two days last week I have come across six divers either dead or dying from the same cause. The limit of the high tide to-day was a continuous line of tar. I have counted fifty scoters round four fresh water pools, all of them dead for the same reason. There were several velvet scoters among them. This seems a great pity and quite an unnecessary waste of birds. The general opinion about here is that these birds die because they get covered in oil from the ships, but, surely, the oil does not turn into tar when it is released into salt water.—V. S.

## THE TERRIER MAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may like to see this very characteristic photograph, by Mr. Howard Barrett, of the terrier man at work.—D.



A TERRIER MAN AT WORK.

## MOLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent is, like many others, troubled with moles, and would like to know how to get rid of them; but I think he is mistaken and too much afraid of them. In the opinion of many—and it is the opinion of some old farmers—the mole is one of the most useful creatures which a farmer can have on his land, for it drains it and brings to the surface much new soil, which, naturally, improves it, being, in fact, just as useful as worms and their casts are, and for the same reason. An old farmer I knew very well said he welcomed an influx of moles, for the sole reason that they helped to renew the land, and he would not allow a mole-catcher to set foot on his land or set a trap near it. It was his habit, when moles began to make their runs and mounds, to go over the land and spread the little hills, in order to enrich the top soil and so make good land into better. He was not alone in his opinion that moles are good on land and help the tiller in more ways than one, which is common-sense and true to nature. If your correspondent really wishes to get rid of moles, let him engage a reputable mole-catcher, who would be able to sell the skins in the proper quarter. Moles begin to put on their new coats in October and are in their prime about March, so now is the best time for pelts, which are worth from 1s. to 2s. 6d. each. If he wishes, he can try his hand at trapping, shooting, or digging them out; but by no means try to poison them—it is too dangerous. Like all pests, they have their uses, and it is best to leave them to Nature's remedies.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

## THE SHEPHERD'S TWO WARDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you what I think is a pleasant little picture of a lamb and a sheepdog



"FOR WE WERE NURSED UPON THE SELF-SAME HILL."

puppy which live under the same shepherd's care.—J. T. NEWMAN.



A RABBIT'S CURIOUS FATE.

## IMPALED IN FALLING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I do not know if the enclosed photograph will be of interest to your readers. During the recent spell of cold and snow here at Kimbolton, a rabbit, having run up some undergrowth in search of food (bark), must have slipped back and been impaled on one of the branches.—MONICA CARTER.

## A FEATHERED GUEST.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was engaged in the unusual occupation of cutting bread and butter. Came a scratching at the kitchen window. I peeped round the curtain, expecting to see a cat, as my own, which was then purring at my feet, has that way of seeking entrance; instead, a black feathered back and a pair of long green bird-legs met my eyes. By slipping quietly outside I easily secured the visitor, which turned out to be a water-hen—often known as the moorhen, I believe. It let forth queer, hoarse croaks as I carried it, but was otherwise passive and did not attempt to peck. Not having viewed one of these creatures closely before, I banished the cat and allowed the bird the run of the kitchen. While I admired its red beak, pretty green legs and feet, blackish-blue feathers, with a few white ones at the tail, its long neck and alert eye, it moved clumsily about the room, like a very fish out of water. Occasionally it attempted flights to the windows and pecked viciously at the cretonne curtains. Finally it subsided into a corner under a chair. Just then I had an inspiration, and placed the bird on the edge of a large bath containing live perch and gudgeon. At sight of the water the bird dived. It swam placidly up and down the bath afterwards, diving only when I extended my hand towards it, and ignoring the fish, which were, quite naturally, reduced to a state of terror. I left the bird in the bath for half an hour, then had it placed on the bank of an old mill pond near, from which it sped merrily away. Occasionally such birds have been seen near this pond, so I am told. I had not seen any previously, but plenty on the River Usk, eight miles away. True, a small river flows near here—fifty years ago it was beautiful and full of fish, but nowadays it is dirty and an eyesore, ruined by industry and made still worse by people's rubbish. There are sticklebacks and tadpoles (in season) in the mill pond—little enough to attract water-fowl. Anyway, what brought the feathered visitor to my bungalow seems to me a mystery, as these birds are ordinarily very shy.—VIOLET HARDING PRATT.



# MAURICE BARRÈS, A REMINISCENCE

BY MADAME DUCLAUX.

He was a fighting man,  
Leader and partisan,  
Yet, through a miracle doubled, he dwelt apart;  
In some enchanted wood,  
Music and solitude,  
Nourished his heart.

It was in the winter of 1890-91 that I first remember meeting Maurice Barrès in a celebrated *salon* of the Avenue Hoche. Anatole France was there, and several other distinguished persons, but the young Deputy for Nancy chiefly attracted my attention. I glanced at him with much curiosity, disapproval and some dislike. He had recently published a witty, a wicked, skit on M. Renan; and he was a Boulangist agitator. In the winter of 1890 Boulanger was no longer an imminent peril—he was languishing somewhere in voluntary exile. But it was not long since the Government had felt itself at the mercy of a *coup d'état*; but for that old fox of Toulouse, Constans, and the general's inexplicable irresolution, the Republic might have changed its form in 1889. We had lived, then, on the verge of a volcano. I still remembered the elections of September, and how, when the news came to Gorges of the general's defeat, I had caught Gaston Paris by the arm and had made him dance with me a war-dance of thanksgiving round all the lawns of his garden. Here, before me, was the fellow-conspirator of a would-be usurper.

Imagine my consternation when, on a word from our hostess, he advanced to take me down to dinner. I watched him as he moved towards me across the pale blue Louis XVI *salon*. He was a lean and lithe young man of middle height, about nine and twenty years of age, with thick coal-black hair, of which a lanky wisp fell over a fallow forehead. His features were aquiline and of a Spanish cast, the nose boldly hooked, the mouth insolent or moody, but with a very sweet smile. His long and sombre eyes were full of solitude and melancholy, lighting sometimes to ardour, and sometimes, like a dark lantern that turns its flame aside, offering an opaque surface, suddenly dulled and lack-lustre: oddly enough, it was then that they were most attractive. His voice was agreeable, but in a very low register.

We sat down to dinner, and above the murmur of general talk we heard our hostess's voice lifted in protest. What was she saying? "Le Général? Mais non! Ses jambes sont trop grêles!" Somebody must have been asking her whether General Boulanger were a handsome person. So, his legs were too slim! it seemed to me a sort of symbol; too flimsy a base for a captain of adventure. I smiled, and, I fear, it was a provocative, "superior" sort of smile. But Barrès was not to be drawn. He plunged at once into a subject as remote as possible from contemporary politics—the doctrines of Plotinus and their influence on Jellal-ed-Din and the Sufi poets. It was probably intended as a checkmate to my impertinent grin, a way of showing me that there were subjects which I did not understand. But, as it happened, my husband had written a tiny vade-mecum to the Persian mystics, which I had learned almost by heart; that winter he was reading Jellal-ed-Din and Omar with a class that I attended, although I knew no Persian, for the sake of the translations. So I enjoyed the discussion no less than Barrès—"Nos sublimes s'amalgamèrent" (as Saint Simon puts it)—and soon Barrès was assuring me that we were old friends, that he had seen me in Florence three years before—which may or may not have been true: the interview had escaped my recollection.

But this encounter impressed itself firmly on my mind. Barrès, at that time, was still the living image of the François Sturel of "Les Déracinés" and "L'Appel au Soldat," masterly political novels which their author had not yet conceived; brilliant episodes of the Third Republic which no future historian of France will venture to neglect. Barrès, at the close of 1890, was experiencing those episodes; he was not as yet capable of transforming them into a myth, of reducing them to the rarer essence of art. He had published little—nothing, I think—except "Huit Jours chez Monsieur Renan" and "Sous l'Oeil des Barbares." He was writing "L'Homme Libre"; moreover, he was attempting to galvanise the corpse of Boulangism—a corpse in very truth for, on the last day of September, 1891, the general showed himself through the head, on the tomb of his mistress, in Brussels. Was the death-blow of Boulanger to prove the death-blow of his party?

The philosophers of antiquity attributed to every individual three souls; it is impossible to concede less than two to Maurice Barrès, one of them loved to imagine perfection in solitude, but he possessed also a communicative spirit which needed the active collaboration of a world of men. When he sat in his ivory tower among his books and incantations an inner force

compelled him sometimes to throw open the window, like Faust, and let in the sound of the bells and the noise of the street.

Here, then, stood a young man at the parting of the ways. Which should he be: combative partisan or lonely idealist? He had gifts for either part, and managed, by a sort of miracle, to fill them both. Boulangism, however, reprehensible in itself, had been to him a liberal education and, among other things, had taught him that the men and women of the visible universe are not necessarily "barbarians." Once you look upon them as constituents, it is strange how they come alive. Barrès, the Deputy, leapt from the balcony of his ivory tower right into the arena, and was surprised to find that he rather liked his new environment. The shades of Spinoza and Loyola had to draw in their mantles to make room for the field-labourer whose son has joined his regiment and who has a favour to ask of M. le Député. Barrès found that he had plenty to say to the hard-worked house-mother, or the village curate with his cassock tucked up round his loins so that he may trudge the faster through the muddy lanes, or the Paris workmen discussing politics over a glass of *vin bleu* in the public-house. After all, there is, perhaps, a world outside—that kingdom, our mind!

I saw Barrès on several pleasant occasions after the dinner party in the Avenue Hoche, and, when he produced his sole



MAURICE BARRÈS, FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES E. BLANCHE.

theatrical effort, a political play, "Une Journée Parlementaire," he sent me a box, in a mood of gay defiance, and I spoiled a pair of gloves in the ardour of my applause, for, after all, I was no more a Panamist than he! Barrès, by this time on the ruins of Boulangism, was beginning to construct a great decentralizing party, which might include any opinion, an immense attempt at reform—Nationalism, on whose horizons gleamed the visions of Metz and Strasbourg regained for France. Boulanger was dead: *non deficit alter*! I saw little then of Barrès, who was occupied with an immense undertaking; while I, bereaved of my husband and in poor health, had retired into a quiet, intimate circle. Then came the "Affaire Dreyfus," and again Barrès and I were on opposite sides of the hedge. A Goethean to the finger tips, Barrès preferred rather to accept the certainty of an injustice than to create a disorder; while, to my thinking, such obloquy heaped on an innocent man was a thing to make the heavens fall.

It was not until 1909, or thereabouts, that I again came into touch with Maurice Barrès. He was now at the zenith of his career, producing masterpiece after masterpiece, and the admitted Leader of the National Party. I wrote in the *Quarterly Review* a long paper on his books, which he liked. I had met him again at the house of my friend, Madame Goyau, the gifted daughter of

Félix Faure. He came to see me, and thenceforth a fairly regular correspondence on literary matters was enlivened by occasional, never very frequent, visits. There was a charm, a fun, a substantial sense, a humorous picturesqueness in Barrès' conversation, which his letters reproduce. He never wrote or talked *pour ne rien dire*, but the solid matter of his communications was constantly bubbling into wit, flashing with perspicacity or paradox (or both), and illustrated by a singular mingling of irony with enthusiasm.

And then the Great War broke out, and Barrès' dream came true. The principles of Nationalism made possible "l'Union Sacrée," that truce of all factions in a chivalrous brotherhood of different opinions. Barrès, quite ignorant of military service (from which, if I am not mistaken, he had been exonerated in 1882 as the only son of a widow) and well over fifty years of age, in fragile health, did not join the army. His trenches were the printing office of the *Echo de Paris*, where, during four years, he never failed to give to the soldiers his daily tribute of admiration, pity, hope and love—the fourteen volumes of his "Chronique de la Grande Guerre." This work, which was certainly useful in keeping taut and firm the courage of civilians, rather provoked the *poilus*, who did not like being called "Les Saints de la France." Barrès was proud of it; it was his favourite book, but certainly not his best; for my part, I prefer that romantic "Enquête aux Pays du Levant," which he had brought back with him from Syria and Anatolia in

June, 1914, but which, laid aside while he toiled at his war work, was only published last December, on the day of his death.

I had hoped that Barrès might enjoy the old age of Goethe, admired, beloved, surrounded, as he was, by the younger writers and thinkers of France. "Un Jardin sur l'Oronte" had shown that he could still invent a fable, still illuminate a symbol with such varied lights that it seemed to gleam with many meanings, still draw from his violin those heartrending cadenzas which a harsh chord now and then exasperates to a rarer beauty. And I think that he himself intended to give us other examples of that spirit of poetry which sometimes set a-dreaming the perspicacious politician.

He wrote to me last year, concerning Renan: "Un temps viendra où l'on voudra, comme lui, se distraire avec les turquoises des femmes de Salomon et les perroquets d'Ophir; mais aujourd'hui ce n'est pas son heure. Il était un sage qui faisait un peu de fantaisie et maintenant les plus fous désirent d'être graves."

"Un sage qui faisait un peu de fantaisie!" It was Renan—but it was Barrès too. He left his country better than he found it; and as for his own soul, he educated a nature that loved adventure and risk to prefer heroism and discipline; he developed from the seeds of an artist's solitary egoism the marvellous harvest of a patriot and a benefactor without in any degree diminishing the beauty of his gift. And he still remained a poet. . . . May he rest in peace!

## THE CHILSWELL ANTHOLOGY

**T**HE CHILSWELL BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net), named after the Laureate's house at Boar's Hill, is a charming collection of verse that will delight old and young. It is primarily intended for schools, and we hope they will adopt it in place of the commonplace sentimental rhyming now far too much in vogue. Dr. Bridges has a dislike of those who good-naturedly write down to what they imagine to be the capacity of the young. His theory is that fine poetry need not be fully understood to be appreciated by children. He cites in his favour a powerful witness in Anatole France, who, in "Livres de Mon Ami" gives his own early experience. He came across phrases that were new to him and that, therefore, he did not understand, "but," he says, "the general effect of them seemed to me so sad and so beautiful that I was thrilled by a feeling that I had never known before—the charm of melancholy was revealed to me by a score of verses the literal meaning of which I could not have explained." Those of us who in childhood have been compelled to learn off by heart many of the most beautiful passages in the Bible and the Prayer Book did not at the beginning understand them at all; it was the simple beauty of the diction that thrilled us, and the meaning followed long after. The poems in this volume are not such as have been written down to the supposed capacity of young people. The little five-lined poem in italics used as a motto for the book is a perfect example of beauty appealing equally to old and young:

*I love to rise in a summer morn  
When the birds sing on every tree;  
The distant huntsman winds his horn  
And the skylark sings with me.  
O! what sweet company.*

In this book Dr. Bridges seems far more catholic than in his more exclusive collection "The Spirit of Man." It opens gaily with Sir Walter's jolly hunting song, "Waken, lords and ladies gay," and is followed by the song from "Cymbeline," which might be described as "joyous" rather than "jolly":

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise.

Then we have a piece of Milton, and following that a little known song of William Blake, one of many most precious gems selected from this favourite of the anthologist. It is called "The Echoing Green," and here is the first verse:

The Sun does arise  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the Spring;  
The skylark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound;  
While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing Green.

The pieces that follow next are as familiar as household words, and yet read as freshly on the hundredth as on the first time.

Who can ever tire of "Under the greenwood tree," "Orpheus with his lute made trees," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Where the bee sucks, there suck I," or "Over hill, over dale"? Beside them it does not seem quite appropriate to place "Meg Merrilies." It is not giving Keats at his best. "Ophelia's Song" and "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way" make us long for more of this essentially folklore poetry, skilfully served up by Shakespeare. Then we have "My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here," and after that Stevenson's "The Vagabond" and a little poem by Mary Coleridge, "On the Hearth-Rug," of which the best that can be said, as indeed it can be said of the numbers signed by "Dixon" in the book, is that it is a very good fill-up, but no more.

Who ever tires of "Ye Mariners of England," with its splendid chorus:

And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Scott plunges us into the waters of romance with his—

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.

He continues the note further on in:

Where shall the lover rest  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast,  
Parted for ever?

That Stevenson can be more than a fill-up is abundantly evident when "Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie" follows "Full fathom five thy father lies: Of his bones are coral made." No higher praise can be given the "Requiem" than that it can be read after the song of Ariel without a jar.

The book is not rich in lullabies. Two only are given: one, Tennyson's "Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea" in which the natural music is too fine and the workmanship too delicate and elaborate for a sleeping song. The other, "Oh! hush thee, my babe, thy sire was a knight," is also open to the objection that it could not have had a rocking cradle as an inspiration. Milton's hymn on Christ's Nativity is far too long for its place here, too cold, we might also say. "Christmas Antiphon," by Swinburne, is wonderful and more perfect than is the version in "Songs before Sunrise" from which it has been condensed. "And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green?" is a couplet ushering in a series of extracts from Blake, which can only be described in themselves and in their way as faultless. "The Ancient Mariner" is printed in full, and length in this case is no objection whatever; its interest and fascination never diminish. Children, we are sure, will read it a thousand times for once that they would go through



Milton's Nativity poem, and they will be rewarded by coming across such passages as this :

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

Dr. Bridges is much more liberal with his ballads in this book than he was in his earlier anthology. He might have been even more prodigal than he is. Ballad poetry is, of all other kinds, most suitable to childhood. It is so direct and elementary, so free from embroidery of any kind. The ballads included are good, but not the best. Better, in our opinion, would have been "The Twa Corbies," "The King sat in Dunfermline Town" and certainly "This ae night, this ae night," which is unique. Burns is well represented, though Henley would not have said so much when he saw the lines "To a Mouse" included, as he thought that here the Scottish muse was what he called "on the beat." There is nothing given of his that has so much character and humour as "Tam o'Shanter," which is the best expression of the ploughman poet's genius.—P. A. G.

**Speculations**, by T. E. Hulme. Edited by Herbert Read. Frontispiece and Foreword by Jacob Einstein. (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d.)

MOST people will read these collected remains of a peculiarly brilliant and contentious young philosopher, who was killed in France in 1917, for the light they throw on modern movements in art, as interpretative of the tendency of the age. His central contention was that we have come to the end of an epoch : the Humanistic epoch initiated by the Renaissance, connected together by the theory of progress and a belief in the perfectibility of man. The only alternative mode of thought is, of course, the religious, as held in Europe during the Middle Ages : that man is inherently sinful and can only reach perfection in another world. The two beliefs have been held alternately from the earliest times, and each has its characteristic art. The humanistic ages, those of mature Greece, Rome and the Renaissance, since they have an absorbing interest in man, have an anthropomorphic art in which the human body and human interests are the material of the beautiful. Religious or un-human epochs have a geometric art : ancient Greece, Egypt, Byzantium, in which the "tendency towards abstraction" is the standard of beauty. The intense emotion of the abstractionist compels him to seek forms and means more lasting than himself. Modern art shows the same tendency towards abstraction, the same preoccupation with geometric forms, and the expression of the no-otherwise-expressible by means of clean tense line and volume. Hulme would probably be loosely classed as an "intellectual." Actually, the supremacy of intellect was his principal opponent. He was an "intuitionist" : more of a poet than a philosopher : more of a fighter than either.

**Sanctions: A Frivolity**, by Ronald A. Knox. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) FATHER KNOX, to whom all the more brilliant *mots* current of late years at Oxford are, correctly or incorrectly, attributed, supports the philosophy of laughter, the capacity for which distinguishes man from beast. It was a happy inspiration of Lady Denham's to assemble at Kingussie Castle last August a country house symposium, on the lines of W. H. Mallock's "New Republic." Her motley party—which includes a psycho-analyst, a cosmopolitan philosopher, a young Conservative peer, a High Church parson, Canon Oxenhope, "who writes in the Sunday papers and always seems to have a down on other parsons," three literary men, Bobby Denham (aged ten), and a variety of ladies—remains with her a week, and during that time are led, by means of various parlour games, which alone make the book worth keeping, to discuss most of the questions of the day, among them progress, divorce, eugenics, education, the Churches, spiritualism, modern poetry, and the existence of God. Each topic, which melts into the next as the sun and mist of the Highland landscape, the presence of which as a setting is never absent from the reader's mind, leads back to the problem of man's relation to nature and supernature, and of his moral sanctions for any action. The solution boils down to the contention that "if man is to make good he must live according to a Law. . . . The Law must be a general Law, and the sanctions which lie behind it must be sanctions which appeal to his reason." We are left to assume that the only law that is both revealed and also appeals to reason is that embodied in the Roman Catholic Church. But the book is far from being a tract. It consists rather of keenly debated *confessiones fidium*. And if the characters are not the caricatures of "The New Republic," but rather ghosts—they are the ghosts of every one of us.

**The Counterplot**, by Hope Mirrlees. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

IF ever there was a book which deserved the description "devastatingly clever," it is this second novel by Miss Hope Mirrlees ; it is also devastatingly frank, with the sort of frankness which involves saying anything that one may happen to think, and yet is not necessarily much connected with truth to life. The heroine, Teresa Lane, whose mixed parentage—Spanish mother, English father—may have something to do with her complexities, has at first a rather attractive rôle as looker-on at the activities of a bustling English country house and the changes of the year in a lovely English countryside. Later on, the reader discovers, standing well back to look at the book's amazing cleverness without too much bewilderment and to pick out its salient features, that Teresa has been infected by some Freudian microbe and, mentally blind in one eye, is engaged in reducing all her impulses and those of her friends to their least pleasant denominations. She writes a play of fourteenth century Spain about the doings of a conventful of nuns who, having apparently mistaken their vocations take every opportunity of correcting the error, using herself, her mother, her sister, a man who loves her and other acquaintances as material for her characters. I do not think, really, that the censor would ever permit it to be produced, but apart from that, the play, which fills about a hundred pages, is really a rather remarkable achievement, though it is a little difficult to decide quite what Teresa, or Miss Mirrlees, means by it. In the end Teresa's most favoured lover goes into a monastery and Teresa's mother has a fire lighted for her in her bedroom as, I suppose, a sign of sympathy. This is about all that happens, but the way it happens is a great deal more interesting.—S.

## LEGS

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

IT is a very odd thing that even experienced riders will lead anyone who asks to suppose that there may be hope of people with flat thighs becoming horsemen, but that if they should happen to have round thighs, they had better take up croquet or ping-pong, because their case would be beyond cure.

This idea is so prevalent we come across it over and over again. Even in the latest instructions in "Cavalry Training" we find the following mystifying statement : "A man with a short thick thigh requires his stirrups shorter [or longer, I forget which, but it makes not the slightest difference to its value] in proportion than does a man of equal height with a flat thigh and thin leg," and with that it hastily and wisely passes on to another subject.

A statement such as this may do well enough for those who have not a too enquiring mind, but it will not stand an even cursory examination, for we only have to ask what is meant by a round thigh to find upon what slender foundations these beliefs have been framed. The usual reply is for the instructor to bend his knee, put his weight upon that leg and slap what is then the inside portion of his thigh and say, "There's a flat thigh for you !"

The curious point of all this is that even supposing the shape of people's muscles varied to such a great extent in this part of their anatomy, it has nothing whatever to do with the seat in the saddle. Let us just think for one moment. This so-called flat portion is on *top* when we sit in the saddle. It has nothing to do with our connection with it whatever. The only portions of our legs that are in contact with the saddle are what are called the buttocks. These are the *back* parts of the thighs and are always round.

The origin of this quaint notion arises from the somewhat less attractive appearance a man with short strong thighs has compared with one with long thighs, however weak they may be. His stout legs have the appearance of roundness, and should he fall off on any occasion it is common to hear it said, "Oh, well, what can you expect, he has such round thighs."

And yet the owner of short thighs, provided they are strong ones, has a firmer seat than the tall man with long thin legs, a fact I have often observed with recruits. Of course, the shape or strength of the thigh has nothing whatever to do with the length of the stirrup leather, as I hope those who read the article in the February 2nd issue of COUNTRY LIFE will at once admit.

I am inclined to think that short thighs are even better for riding than long ones, for the following reason : When we want to crack nuts, the closer we put them to the apex of the nutcracker the stronger pressure we get, and I submit for consideration whether, other things being equal, the shorter thighs would not produce greater pressure of the knees on to the saddle.

There is one more point. It is often said that owing to the extreme muscular development of many "round" thighed men they find it hard, if not impossible, to get their knees on to the saddle flaps, and so experience difficulties more loosely knit men do not. The reply to this is that none of us, whatever make or shape he may have, does get the inside of his knees close to the flaps at the walk or standstill without effort. Generally speaking, they are certainly not in close contact, and sometimes actually daylight is shown. But this is of no consequence. In fact, it is right that it should be so, because under these circumstances we all should be as free and unconstrained as possible. Directly we put our weight on to our stirrup irons, however, and take it away from the saddle (as when rising at the trot, for example) it does not matter how we are shaped, fat or thin, long or short, we still find there is no difficulty in getting our knees to hold firmly to the saddle. In fact, we must ; we have little option. This is not a matter, therefore, for concern by either pupil or instructor, whose assiduities can be better directed to the solution of more important problems.

The next question is that of the angle of the foot. In the cavalry the men used to be taught to keep their toes in, and this fact has often misled people who have not understood the reason. It is nothing to do with equitation *per se*, but is due to the fact that when riding in the ranks, unless the feet are so placed, there is the likelihood of their catching in the stirrup of the man next

and so causing discomfort, if nothing worse. But for civilian riding the angle of the foot is one for nature alone to decide.

If a man has knock knees, his feet will be inclined to turn outwards. If he has bow legs, they will have a tendency to turn inwards. No instructor of equitation, however marvellous, can alter the shape of his pupil's legs, after all is said and done. Our legs may be "pulled," perhaps, but reformed—never! The angle of the foot, therefore, in a horizontal plane is not a matter to worry about, but vertically it is of great importance. The smallest tendency to turn the toe downwards must be checked at once. Unless the toe is raised, the muscles of the inside of the calf are relaxed, and a firm grip is impossible. The action also has a tendency to raise the heel and so take weight off the stirrups. So it is a "double fault" which puts a rider "out of court" at once.

This brings us to the question of grip. It is not so long ago when horsemanship was supposed to be largely a question of strength. When we used to lean our bodies back over our fences, much more strength, certainly, was required, but its importance was overrated. In order to increase the muscular development of the fork, most pupils had to ride bareback or on numnahs, or stripped saddles, and many, many moments of useless discomfort have been suffered thereby. It was done for two supposed reasons. The first was, of course, for strengthening the grip, but the second was much more subtle. It was to get the pupil "down in his saddle," whatever that might mean. How that result was to be accomplished by this "grit" scheme no one could explain satisfactorily.

The rider who looks uncomfortable in the saddle and who is not "down" in his seat is one whose muscles are not relaxed; one who is anxious and who is, in fact, gripping. Consequently, the way to get a good seat is not to grip, but the very converse; to be free and supple and confident and happy, and then no one will say you are not "sitting down."

Many people have heard remarks like the following: "He is a fine strong rider." "He has a horse between his legs like a vice." "He can squeeze a horse so tight he can make it groan under him." I do not think such ideas are prevalent to-day, but I do believe that they are not wholly eradicated.

We must have strength and plenty of it for emergencies, but in the ordinary course of riding we should exercise nothing but the gentle pressure which can be maintained hour after hour. Those riders who find themselves exhausted under normal conditions are unnecessarily exercising their muscles to the inconvenience of both themselves and their horses. The steeplechase rider who comes in as blown as his horse (unless he has had a hard finish or a difficult ride) should be noted by punters and his mounts avoided.

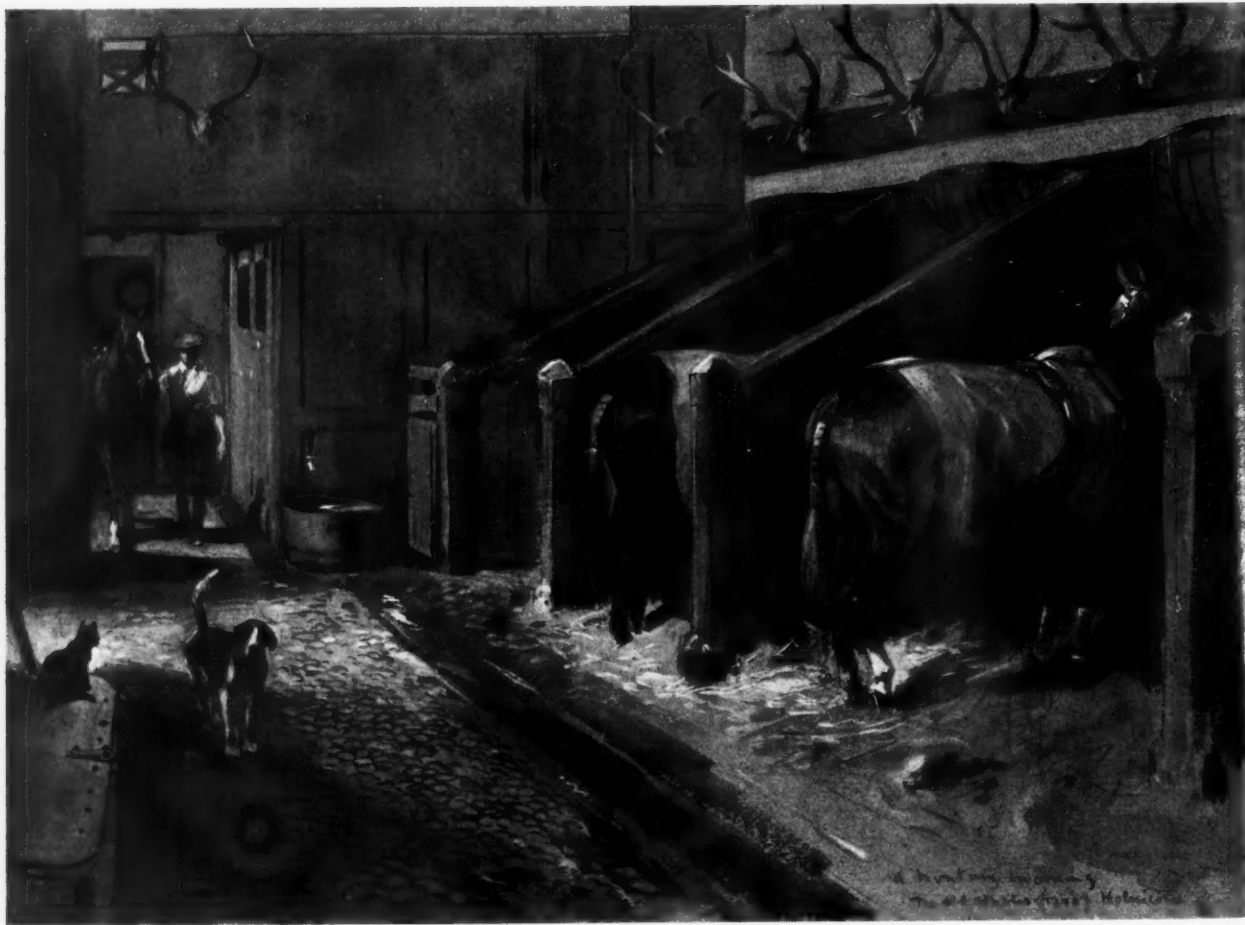
We must remember our muscles are to help our balance, not to direct it. If we are properly placed we do not require to grip, but we do want all our muscles on occasion (as in refusing, pulling, shying, etc.). I once remember hacking with a friend whose horse was very fidgety, and he complained how it tried him, because he had to grip so hard. I recommended him not to grip so much, and the moment he gave it up the horse went quite quietly. Many horses fret with the pressure of the leg always on them, and this was an instance of that kind. My friend was much surprised at the advice he had received, because he had been brought up on old ideas, and thought that to ride well was to grip well.

But as riding undoubtedly does require plenty of strength, it is curious that the fashion of the day is to display as little calf as possible. What is called a good leg for a boot is a spindle shank, which is a thoroughly bad one for riding. We do require calves in equitation, and it is surprising that so much pains should be taken to make them look almost unnaturally small. The better the development of the calf the better for riding, so let our stout-legged friends take heart. They can comfort themselves with the fact that if their lower extremities are not quite so elegant as some, they are more efficacious. What is good for the "horse" man is not necessarily good for the "horseman."

## THE FORMER HOME OF STAG HUNTING

### THE OLD STABLES AT HOLNICOTE.

THE old stables at Holnicote appear to have remained practically unaltered since 1790, judging by an old picture in Holnicote House, although the house itself has been burnt down several times. Over each stall are stags' antlers with the dates on which the deer were killed, some going back to 1700. In several cases some vandal of a groom has cut off the brow antlers to facilitate the passage of hay down from the loft! In one of the windows are fragments of glass dating from the seventeenth century, showing the arms of the Steyning family. Holnicote passed from the last Steyning to a Mr. W. Martyn, who sold it to a Mr. Blackford. The estate descended from the latter to the Dyke family, and so to the present owners. The old kennels of the North Devon Staghounds were also at Holnicote, which at one time might truly be called the home of stag hunting.



HOLNICOTE STABLES ON A HUNTING MORNING.





IN his speech at the opening of the Architecture Club's Exhibition at Grosvenor House, Lord Curzon bestowed praise on the smaller country house of to-day, which he described as "the great creative triumph of the present generation." That is high praise indeed, and, happily, there are houses enough which might be cited as good evidence. At the same time, it is also, perhaps, a rather flattering estimate, more especially when applied to quite recent houses. But, for the post-war house there is much to be said in extenuation, or by way of explanation, of some lack of charm. In nine cases out of ten the post-war house has had to be excessively modest in its accommodation, and correspondingly economical in construction. Whereas the working-class house has expanded, the middle-class house has become more circumscribed; but in each there has been a harassing insistence on keeping down the contractor's bill: and to some degree this has been a blessing in disguise, for it has meant the elimination of features which might otherwise have been indulged in, to the final detriment of the house. The architect himself is able, through professional perception, to see virtue arising out of necessity, but the general public regard the matter in quite another light.

Architectural appreciation can come only by slow degrees. Undoubtedly there is a trend to a better state of things, and the Architecture Club, through its exhibitions and through the public notices in the Press which spring from them, has helped on the good work. But it is useless to pretend that the general public yet understand much of the matter.



HOUSE AT WELWYN. (Louis de Soissons and A. W. Kenyon.)



HOUSE AT WELWYN. (Louis de Soissons and A. W. Kenyon.)



HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD. (Hennell and James.)



HOUSE AT BICKLEY: FROM DINING-ROOM TO SITTING-ROOM. (Leslie Mansfield.)



HOUSE AT ESHER. (P. D. Hepworth.)

Houses, of course, are things which anybody can express an opinion about. Everybody is ready to say that he likes or does not like this sort of house and that sort of house. But these expressions are not based on knowledge; they are mere likes and dislikes; and it is only rare souls that have any intuitive sense of excellence. Yet to say that you like this sort of house and dislike that sort of house is feeble, unless you can give a reasoned explanation of your like or dislike. It is because the bulk of people are unable to offer such explanation that architects have such trouble with their clients.

So far as the exterior of a house is concerned, another consideration is, that one ought always to envision it as it will appear after a lapse of a few years, when time and weather have had a chance to mellow it, and the garden has got settled and things have grown up round about the house. A particular instance of this comes to mind. There is a certain little Late Georgian house which captivates every passer-by. Anyone with a feeling for



Ground and first-floor plans of house at Hampstead shown on this page.

good architecture would be ready at once to acclaim it as delightful. But the point is, that this house is equally attractive to ordinary members of the public who know nothing whatever of architecture, who regard the whole affair as a sort of professional mystery, in the same way as they regard pictures as an affair of the studio and the exhibition wall. Now, ordinary members of the public stop as they pass this little Georgian house, and they persistently tell one another how much they like it. Yet it is nothing more than a brick box with a slate lid. It has a weathered face, it is true, and it has a jolly little trellis porch, with roses climbing over the wall, and the windows look trim, with their cream paint and the blue of the hangings showing softly through the glass. But when the architect of to-day shows an average client the same sort of thing on paper, he fights shy of it. It is the confession of numerous architects that they find it exceedingly difficult to get the general public to swallow the Georgian type



of house. The client falters, and in the end is very likely to go away from it and plead for something less "austere," something with a more broken outline; and so to barge-boards. But if those very passers-by to whom reference has just been made would only see that the Georgian house of to-day is going to look very pleasant after a few years of weathering, it would be all the better for architecture, for architects and for the general public themselves.

In the exhibition at Grosvenor House are many examples that give point to these remarks. There are brick houses without trimmings, just decent square fabrics, but enclosing convenient arrangements of plan. Some houses of this kind, by Mr. Louis de Soissons, Messrs. Hennell and James, Mr. Leslie Mansfield, and Mr. Hepworth, are included among the accompanying illustrations. They are houses that are bound to have somewhat of a raw look when the builder has just left the job, but they are houses, also, which will be far more satisfying, say, in 1930 than many of their fellows of the "prettier" sort. In passing, it may be noted that they are extremely compact in plan. Take, for example, Messrs. Hennell and James's house at Hampstead. It is very modest, having a small dining-room and a fair-sized living-room, with a kitchen-scully on the ground floor, and three bedrooms (one with a dressing-room), bathroom, etc., on the first floor. The attic is treated as one large workroom. Minus this attic the accommodation is little more than is found in the average cottage, but both within and without the house has gained character by a nice sense of the architectural



COTTAGE AT OLD BUCKHURST, SUSSEX. (A. Dunbar Smith.)

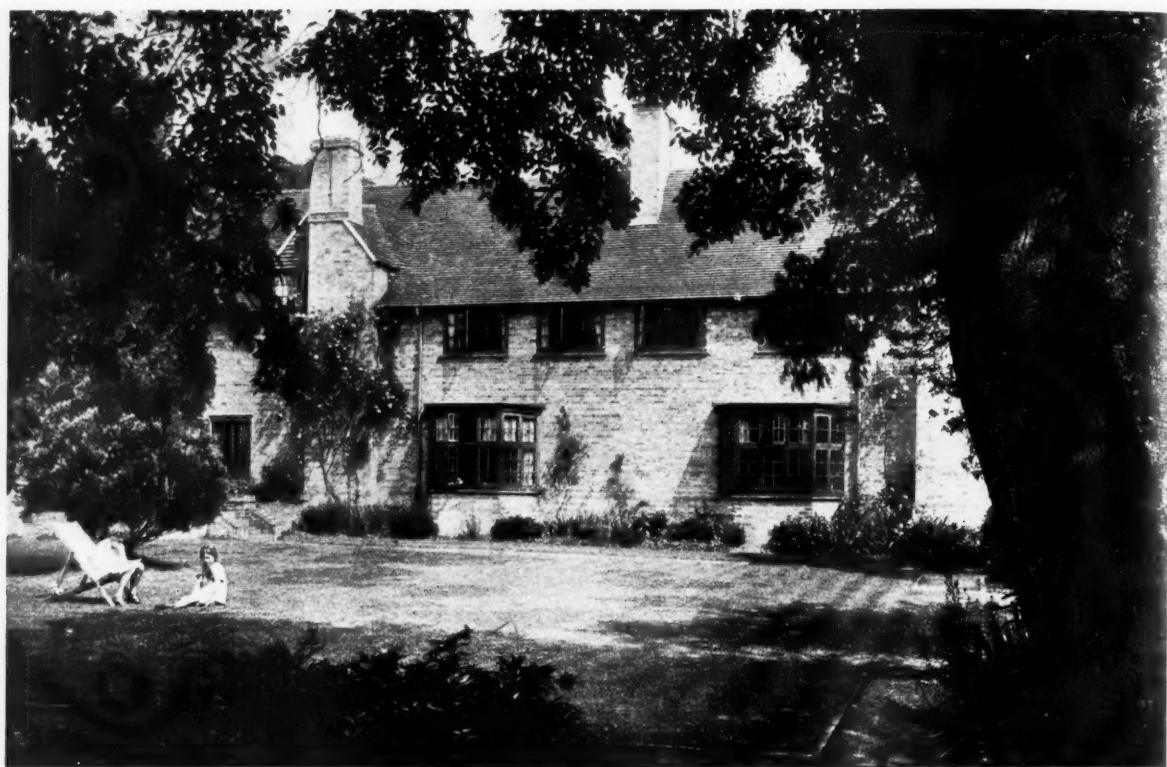
proprieties. The houses at Welwyn are two among many that have been built in that new garden city to the designs of Mr. Louis de Soissons. The house shown by the larger illustration on page 495 is a very direct expression of the plan, which has on the entrance side an oblong hall with the living-rooms symmetrically placed in relation to it, and all having a sunny aspect. In this house will be noted the newer and much-to-be-approved arrangement of the kitchen treated as a domestic workshop, with a maids' sitting-room adjacent to it.

The other house at Welwyn offers an example of a plan adapted to meet special conditions, this being a doctor's house. The plan speaks for itself.

There are, however, in the exhibition at Grosvenor House examples of the smaller house in manners other than this very matter-of-fact Georgian version; and, looking at some of these other houses, one feels their obvious charm. Take, for instance, the cottage at Old Buckhurst by Mr. Dunbar Smith, and the Agent's House at Great Fosters by Messrs. Romaine-Walker and Jenkins, illustrations of both of which are given on this page. Here we have modern versions of those simple buildings of the English countryside in which half-timber, brick, thatch and good tiling combine to make a delightful picture, and incidentally give weather-resistance. Doubtless a certain element of sentiment comes into our appreciation of such houses; but even ruling this out, we see in the actual work a charm that cannot be denied. This is just good building of the old vernacular sort, perfectly straightforward and satisfying, and in a country setting one could

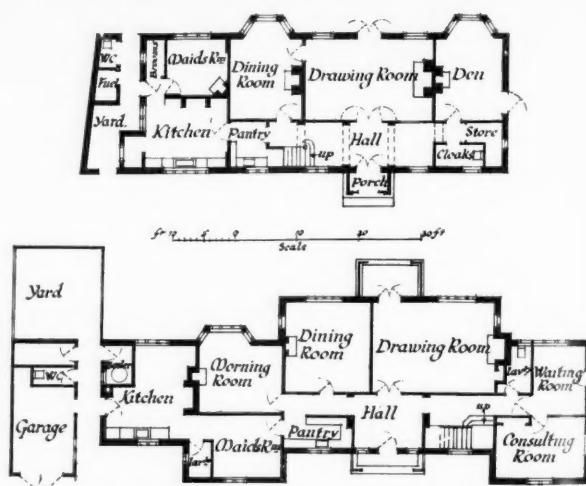


THE AGENT'S HOUSE, GREAT FOSTERS, EGHAM. (Romaine-Walker and Jenkins.)



HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE. (H. M. Fletcher.)

wish for nothing more delightful. But it is not the sort of building that can be put on a minimum-cost basis in competition with a brick-box house. Thatch is, of course, always pleasing and it has this special merit—that a thatched roof looks right the very moment it is finished, having a texture and a tone which cannot be gained with other materials until after years of exposure. Thatch and half-timber, however, are not of general application. They do not, in fact, belong to some parts of the country. And since the golden rule is to use local material, when this material is good material, we may turn to see how well the precept has been observed in some exhibits of Welsh work in the exhibition, notably in the houses by Mr. Alfred H. Powell in Llanover Village. One of these houses is shown below. Mr. Powell is an apostle of "building" as apart from "design," and here we see the truth of his tenets. These whitewashed stone cottages at Llanover, with their slate roofs, their sturdy stacks and general look of directness, are thoroughly satisfying, and in their own way could not be excelled. They are the sort of cottages that merge with the countryside instead of standing up stark against it, as something foreign and harsh. Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis shows some work of a similar kind, and Mr. John D. Clarke offers



Ground-floor plans of houses at Welwyn shown on page 495.



COTTAGES IN LLANOVER VILLAGE. (Alfred H. Powell.)

us further examples of modern architectural design expressed through the medium of workmanship. Mr. H. M. Fletcher shows a house at Cambridge where we see a similar intermingling of "building" with design. A glimpse of it—one of Mr. Yerbury's many delightful photographs in the exhibition—is given on this page. There is no feeling of drawing-board architecture about this house, and though we know it to be the product of ordinary professional practice, expressing itself through the medium of T-square, pencil and paper, the actual house has got a craft quality which is engaging. Not the least merit of the Architecture Club's exhibitions is in bringing the public into touch with work of his kind, which should serve as an exemplar in the midst of the nondescript houses that intrude themselves on every side. It is a slow process, this education of the public in architecture, but it is certainly now making substantial headway, and the future holds a good hope.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



# OLD ENGLISH WALL-PAPERS AND WALL HANGINGS

## I.—ENGLISH WALL-PAPERS.

WHEN the walls of English houses were not wainscoted with wood or plastered, it was the custom to line them with a less permanent material, either a textile, such as velvet, damask or even chintz, or a wall-paper, at first printed on black outline and then printed in colour. In this division tapestry is excluded, since the tapestry hanging is detachable from the wall and can be taken down and put away, whereas the paper, silk or velvet, when once in position, is at one with the wall.

Early block-printed papers, which seem to have been used either for lining walls, boxes, trunks or drawers, are small in scale and intricate in design. These were pasted on to walls, or, perhaps, on to the panels into which the surface was divided.

The earliest known survival, dating from the first years of Henry VIII's reign, was discovered during alterations at the Master's Lodge, Christ's College, Cambridge, adhering to the beams and joists under the plaster ceiling of two ground-floor rooms, the present hall and dining-room. The bold pattern of this design consists of a repeat (about 16 ins. by 11 ins.) of a large pomegranate, with charged centre and surrounding foliate sprays, such as is found on contemporary North Italian velvets. A paper dating from the third quarter of the sixteenth century, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, shows smaller detail, the *motifs* the Royal arms of England in oval compartments alternating with the Tudor rose in squares. The intermediate compartments have fillings of Renaissance ornament and a vase of flowers (Fig. 2).

In spite of the fact that block-printed papers were so widely used, examples (as in the case of contemporary stencil ornament upon plaster) have only accidentally been preserved behind a later panelling or have been carefully soaked off the interior of old boxes and drawers.

Paper did not compete with other wall hangings until the development of a *tontisse* (as the French call them), or flock, applied to a pattern first printed or stencilled with varnish. The sheet, prepared by the varnished impression, was then removed to another table, to be strewn with flock or cut wool, which is afterwards flattened and compressed by a board to make the varnish take a better hold. After the varnish is dry, the superfluous flock is brushed away by a camel's-hair brush, while the flock that clings forms a nap which is defined against the ground like the ornament of the rich North Italian cut velvets. The patterns were usually copied from the masterly designs of these velvets.



1.—BLOCK-PRINTED PAPER IN THE MASTER'S LODGE, CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The most remarkable survivals of flock papers in position are to be seen on the walls of certain rooms at Christchurch or Withepole House at Ipswich, dating from the sale of the house in 1732 to the Fonnereaus, a wealthy French refugee family. In one bedroom there is a fine design of the pine type, occupying (as

in the parent velvet originals) the full width of the paper and forming the vertical stem, which throws out large leaves charged with small ornament. The design is in crimson flock on a white or cream ground. In another room the design consists of a spiral ascending stem in red flock, from which spring leaves linked together by garlands of smaller flowers, relieved against a pale green ground. In the crimson flock panel from a room at Hurlcote Manor, Easton Neston, the boldly designed large pine ornament is deserted for a curious assemblage of detail (some of it, such as the date palms, of Oriental character) centring in a pillared temple or garden building (Fig. 3).

By the evidence of an advertisement in the *Postboy* of 1702, velvet was not the only material that the ever-imitative paperhangings followed; there were also colourable imitations of gilt leather, of flowered damasks, "caffaws" and marble, the latter, no doubt,



2.—BLOCK-PRINTED PAPER, WITH ROYAL ARMS.

serving for halls and passages. The products of the Blue Paper Warehouse in Aldermanbury, which was set up in 1691, were "Japan and India" figured hangings and also large Japanese subjects, and "forestwork."

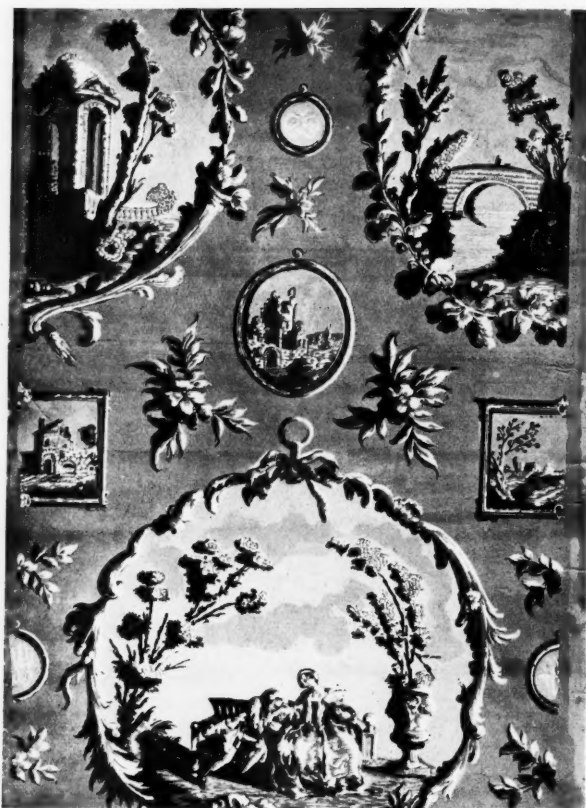
About the middle years of the eighteenth century English paper-hangings began to be discussed by housewives and to "banish the hand of art (as Ware complains) from a part of the house in which it used to display itself very happily." Lady Hertford, in 1741, is surprised at the "perfection" the manufacture had arrived at during the last few years, and bespeaks a paper-hanging. About a decade later we are told that there is "scarcely a modern house which has not one or more rooms lined with this furniture." As to subjects, "landscapes, festoons and trophies" are advertised by a manufacturer about 1755, together with "India and mock India paper." In the "Handmaid of the Arts" various patterns are specified,



3.—FLOCK PAPER FORMERLY AT HURLCOTE MANOR.

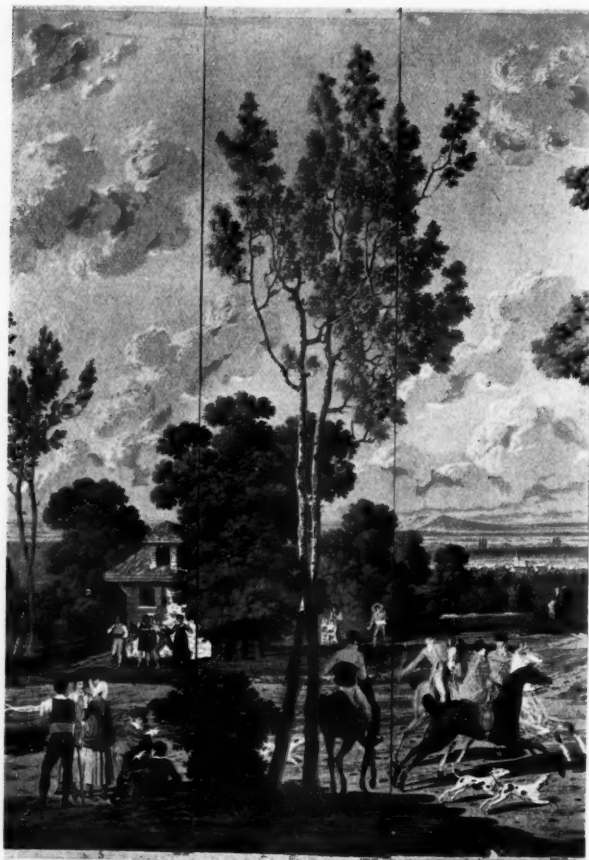
some representing stuccowork for covering ceilings, others imitating velvet, damask, brocades, chintz and other such silks and stuffs.

At this period the engraver Jackson dreamed of a perfect process of colour printing, but only achieved harsh and heavy oil colour prints and some less absurd monochromes in the Classic and the Gothic styles. As a young man (about 1726) Jackson worked with the younger Papillon, son of the founder of a great French paper-making firm, and then proceeded to engrave after the old masters "infamous works" (according to Horace Walpole) which pretended to be copies of Titian. He illustrates his designs, which consist of landscapes, architectural scenes or statues, treated as panels with intervals of plain paper between. In a paper from Doddington Hall, printed in oil colours by him, ruins and a gallant scene (after a French original afterwards engraved by Hancock and known as "L'Amour") form small medallions, which are framed in leafy scrolls and apparently suspended by loops



4.—PAPER FORMERLY AT DODDINGTON HALL.

upon the surface of the paper-hangings (Fig. 4). In the British Museum are some of Jackson's prints, consisting of imposing frames of fruit and flowers, the blank spaces enclosed intended to receive, as he tells us, cuts of statues such as the Apollo Belvedere, the Medicean Venus and the Dying Gladiator, or landscapes after the most famous masters. There are also in the same collection the accompanying friezes. At Strawberry Hill a little parlour was hung with a stone-coloured paper, probably of Jackson's manufacture, in which Gothic detail was endlessly



5.—FRENCH SCENIC PAPER OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY, REPRESENTING THE DEPARTURE FOR THE CHASE AT COMPIEGNE.





6.—SCENIC WALL-PAPER AT HILL HALL, ESSEX, MADE FOR THE 1851 EXHIBITION.

repeated—a device not at all to the taste of Gray, who saw that this was “more like a goose pie than a Cathedral,” monotony rather than the ever-varying detail of Gothic handiwork. The lighter floral and ribbon textile patterns of the later eighteenth century found their place also on paper-hangings, and Horace Walpole’s parlour (where, he tells us, we “always live”) was hung (in 1753) with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons. In such floral papers the texture of silk or brocade was not imitated, the outline of the detail remaining heavy and the colouring simple and defined. The effects that some modern decorations are now aiming at seem to have occurred to the eighteenth century decorators, for Gray writes, in 1761, of having seen an all-silver paper, quite plain, which looked like block tin.

England had advanced in the art of paper-hanging during the second half of the eighteenth century, and her products even found a sale in France, for, in 1754, Mme. de Pompadour had her wardrobe and passage lined with English paper, and, about the same date, a French advertiser claims that his flock papers are “as beautiful as the English.”

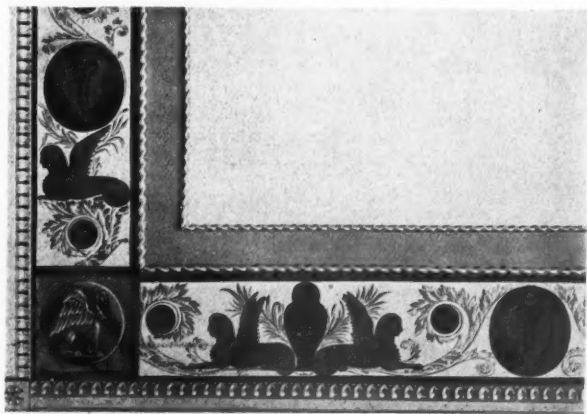
Paper was customarily backed with canvas, and was sometimes sold already lined. In 1750, however, Mrs. Delany comments on the disadvantages of this canvas backing, “which always shrinks from the edges.” The method of pasting the paper directly upon the wall, from the late eighteenth century onwards, was its destruction, and there appear to be no survivals in England of the output of late eighteenth century paper-hanging firms, such as Sheringham, the “Wedgwood of paper stainers,” who set up a factory in 1786 in Great Marlborough Street, and Eckhardt, who started business in London in 1791.

Following the fashion introduced by the French

manufacturers, paper-hangings representing puckered or gathered silk and satin were in fashion before 1788, for Mary Frampton speaks at this date of the puckered blue satin in Mrs. Fitz-Herbert’s house in Pall Mall as a device from which “the now common imitations on paper were taken.”

Towards the end of the century plain paper was panelled by wide borders, and Sheraton figures a drawing-room in which the large panels of self-coloured paper above the dado rail are framed by borders. This device is still to be seen in the drawing-room at Crawley House, Bedfordshire, which has a wide border of flock and printed design in the Egyptian style of the early nineteenth century. The wall panels are light grey, while in the horizontal borders a mummy divides two addorsed couchant sphinxes; these details being rearranged in the vertical borders so that the sphinxes do not stand on their heads (Fig. 7).

In the entertaining large scenic and pictorial wall-papers of the early nineteenth century, such as that now at Hill Hall (Fig. 6), France led the way, and the very few examples still in position, such as the sepia scenes of the “Four Seasons” in the South Tower Room, Charlton House, Wiltshire, and the lively departure for the chase, of which there are panels in the Victoria and Albert Museum, are of French manufacture (Fig. 5). It is in the United States that there exist the largest number of survivals of a decorative, arrested moving picture of a favourite story upon the parlour walls, either the classic past, or foreign travel revived in the tale of Telemachus in the Isle of Calypso, or the Monuments of Paris, or the delights of the Bay of Naples. Hung as these are above a high panelled dado out of harm’s way, and often thrown farther back by a balustrade or veranda represented on the paper itself, these large scenic effects are no disturbing element in the room. M. JOURDAIN.



7.—DETAIL OF BORDER WALL-PAPER AT CRAWLEY HOUSE, BEDFORDSHIRE.

## SHRUBS FOR PRESENT PLANTING

**M**ORE hardy shrubs are, perhaps, planted towards the end of March and in April than at any other time of the year. It is, so to speak, the climax of a long winter's work. The laying out of a new garden, the remodelling of pleasure grounds, or alterations to existing borders, and the making of additional beds and borders to accommodate the new and rare shrubs, should be completed by the beginning of March in readiness for the reception of the plants. Trenched ground should be left rough for some weeks to settle down before levelling and planting is done.

In gardens where the soil is heavy most of the planting is deferred until the spring. Experience shows that it is not a commendable practice to tread on heavy ground round newly planted shrubs in winter. Also, the ground is so cold that, even if planting is done, the roots are practically at a standstill, and fleshy roots sometimes rot before the warmer days are sufficient to excite fresh root growth.

During the second half of March, with the longer days, their accompanying sunshine is ample to infuse new life into the shrubs. Obviously, then, with new growth bursting on every side, it must be a suitable time for extensive planting. Once safely settled in their new stations the shrubs commence to make new roots and top growths without any check.

**Nursery Plants.**—Large numbers of small shrubs purchased from nurseries and grown in the home nursery may be planted during the next few weeks. It is preferable to defer the moving of large evergreens for a month, but the small evergreen nursery plants readily transplant about this date. Mention may be made of *Berberis stenophylla*, *Olearia Haastii*, *Veronica Traversii* and *Lonicera nitida*.

**Climbers.**—For convenience in transport, and practically ensuring successful planting, large numbers of hardy climbers are grown in pots by nurserymen for sale. These include clematises, ceanothus, pyracanthas, honeysuckles, ivies and vines. Planting is largely practised with all these climbers during April.

**The elstuses** are a family of shrubs on the borderland of hardiness which in many gardens require a little protection. To make good losses and keep the collection in a healthy condition, propagation, mostly by cuttings, is pursued. The young plants are grown in pots and wintered in a cold frame. It is time to think about overhauling and cleaning the old plants and, when well hardened, filling vacant spaces and planting further groups of young plants.

**The Hardy Fuchsias** may very well receive more attention, for, though on the borderland of hardiness, the shrubby bushes give us a wealth of blossom during late summer and autumn. In many gardens these plants are killed to the ground in most winters. When planting, select sheltered positions, a south-west or western exposure for choice. A light, well drained soil is best, though matters can be very considerably improved in heavy soils by using lots of brick rubble and planting them on slightly raised mounds, where they will be drier. A covering of old coal ashes in winter will be an additional safeguard. The following varieties are hardy in most districts and deserving of a place in garden borders and shrubberies: *Corallina* (exoniensis), *coccinea*, *Caledonia*, *macrostemma gracilis*, *Enfant Prodigue*, *Madame Cornellison* and *Riccartoni* (globosa).

**Hibiscus syriacus varieties.**—These have been aptly named the tree hollyhocks, and are excellent tall exotic shrubs for flowering during the autumn. Plant these hibiscuses in hot and sheltered



THE BEAUTIFUL CEANOTHUS THYRSIFLORUS VAR. GRISEUS.

sunny borders where the soil is well drained. Half a dozen of the best sorts are *Coeleste*, *Hamabo*, *Totus albus*, *Rubis*, *Duchesse de Brabant* and *Admiral Dewey*.

**Hardy Hydrangeas.**—This is a good time to plant several hydrangeas, the best being *paniculata*, the variety *grandiflora*, and *arborescens grandiflora*. All three have white flowers, freely borne during August and September.

**Barberries.**—The introduction of many new barberries from China and the raising of numerous very beautiful hybrids at Wisley and elsewhere has added considerably to the value of this family of hardy shrubs for garden ornament. They are of easy culture, thriving in most soils and positions. I have in mind a large mass of *BB. Wilsonae*, *subcaulialata*, *Stapfiana*, *aggregata*, *Prattii*, *polyantha* and the common *vulgaris*, on a stony bank. It was not the best of soils, but an annual mulching of farmyard manure supplied this deficiency. The abundant crops of fruits coupled with the autumn tints of the foliage was a sight worth going far to see. Substitute for these a selection of the best hybrids, and the effect should be even more beautiful.

**Californian Lilacs.**—For sunny positions on walls, fences and the open garden, the ceanothus are free-flowering shrubs. In spring we have the evergreens, *CC. dentatus*, *rigidus*, *thyrsiflorus*, *griseus* and *Veitchianus*, with blue or grey-blue flowers. Nurserymen grow all of these plants in pots for spring planting. Against a wall with a south, south-west or west aspect, the plants grow vigorously and flower freely, the result no doubt of shelter and ample drainage at the roots, because of the brick foundations.

For summer and autumn flowering the deciduous hybrids, which are mostly of Continental origin, provide a wealth of blossom over a long season. These are also sold in small pots for present planting. These plants thrive best in well drained sunny beds and borders. The best known hybrid is *Gloire de Versailles*, lavender; others worthy of



A FINE FORM OF BUDDLEIA VARIABILIS, A CHINESE INTRODUCTION.



mention are Albert Pitet, pink; Ceres, pinkish mauve; Gloire de Plantieres, deep blue; Indigo, indigo-blue; and Marie Simon, pale pink.

**Buddleias.**—The introduction of *Buddleia variabilis* from China has added a most effective tall flowering shrub to our borders. Thriving well in town and suburban gardens, it is a favourite flower with the bees. There are numerous forms, the best of which have been named. The shade of colour varies from pale mauve, or lilac, to violet-purple. To reproduce the

named sorts such as *Veitchiana* and *magnifica* true they must be increased by cuttings. A packet of seeds will produce a variety of shades. To obtain robust annual growths with the accompanying vigorous flower panicles prune fairly hard in spring.

Many more useful garden shrubs could be mentioned, but enough has been written to indicate present work in planting shrubs. It will be noticed that the spring in particular is the best time to plant shrubs which flower in late summer and autumn.

A. O.

## THE WATER GARDEN THE YEAR ROUND

**T**O epitomise in one brief article the multitudinous attractions of life in the water garden is impossible—of streamside, lake or pond, of the trees and shrubs that love to dwell in the damp soil by their banks, of the vegetation that luxuriates in the moist cool conditions along their margins, or of those truer aquatics that revel in the shallow fringes or anchor themselves in the greater depths of the water-covered areas.

Nor, by the way, must the term "water garden" be restricted in its use to such natural conditions as I have mentioned above, for the country is rich in architectural achievements, forming part of stately and liberally conceived garden schemes that happily introduce the water garden of formal design into conditions and surroundings amid which the natural note may be impracticable, or at least would appear incongruous. Stone-edged lily pools, where the water-lapped copings have become delicately green with filmy moss, and upon the wind-stirred surface of which sway gently the crimson, pink, scarlet, yellow or white water lilies, have a very real and important place in the perfect garden scheme. But there is a luxuriance of growth appertaining to many of the moisture-loving plants that renders them impatient of such confinement. Indubitably, it is in its natural aspect that the water garden reaches its highest triumph in the realms of beauty. Hence the real culmination of pleasure is only reached by those (providing their souls aspire to the true beauties of nature, rather than to the more ostentatious developments of the mother of all the arts, architecture) to whom the development of natural waterways, be they stream, pond, lake or riverside, is possible. The joy of possession of such facilities is not given to all, even of those who desire them. Much can be done by forming waterways, designed on natural lines and constructed with completely disguised concrete, and the enjoyment of such a practical development is possible to all who have the area at their disposal and can provide an adequate water supply. Such an arrangement can be developed with no sign of obvious artificiality being apparent in its composition.

Here the flowering rush (*Butomus umbellatus*), the slender reed (*Typha stenophylla*) and water lilies will grow just as rampantly as if the stream were a natural one. Such efforts must, however, be undertaken with the utmost care, as it is so easy to spoil the whole effect by neglecting to provide for the complete obliteration of the *modus operandi*. Indeed, I know of no department of garden design and construction that demands that "art which conceals art" more insistently than this. Attractive as such water gardens can be, where it is possible to make use of purely natural conditions it is far better to do so.

Bold foliage effects cannot be obtained in restricted areas except at the expense of smaller vegetation. There is a noble grandeur about a well placed gunnera, or a group of this giant-leaved plant, that lifts it out of the ordinary rut and gives it a right to demand a position clear of its neighbours. Such plants are never so effective as when seen by themselves, standing, perchance, near the water's edge and creating shadows in its depths, while clear around and beyond them sweep smooth lawns. Give them space, and they strike a bold and distinctive note in the scheme; cramp them, and they not only lose all their own individual charm, but so dominate the situation on account of the size they will attain that they detract from everything that surrounds them.

In the composition of waterside planting, bold foliage in emphatic masses is imperative. So many of the waterside plants are of a light, graceful nature that they need the foil of the solidity that broad leafage confers, and even though there may be no place where gunneras can be used, there are many other less exacting plants that can be introduced with the certainty that they will be entirely happy. Such are the giant saxifrage (*Saxifraga peltata*) and the Chinese groundsel (*Senecio Clivorum*). If these plants did nothing but produce leaves they would be invaluable; but the former provides, in the spring, masses of rosy-hued flowers before the leaves appear, and the latter surmounts its big heart-shaped leafage with huge branching heads of orange-yellow brown-centred flowers in the latter days



IN THE COMPOSITION OF WATERSIDE PLANTING, BOLD FOLIAGE IN EMPHATIC MASSES IS IMPERATIVE.

of the summer. Both will grow where the soil is quite saturated, indeed, the saxifrage prefers such conditions; but the senecio is more accommodating, and will succeed equally well in the higher and, consequently, drier positions.

Real life—that is, life with glowing colour and exquisite form—really begins in the water garden in April. The early primulas, rosea, denticulata, cashmiriana, are then enlivening the banks or cool damp stretches beyond, with their delicate tones of pink, mauve, lavender, lilac and purple. A glowing mass of the giant kingcup, *Caltha palustris*, in its various double or single forms, hesitates at the water's edge and dyes its rippling surface with strong reflections, until the tiny wavelets appear to be turned to molten gold. *Caltha palustris* fl. pl. aureate yellow in the sunlight, surrounded by a ruddy mass of the young foliage of *Astilbe chinensis* just unfolding, offers a fine colour combination. All the astilbes and spiræas are pretty at this stage of their growth, varying in tone from dull green to the richest purple brown. Entrancingly beautiful, also, is a broad, hazy blue sheet of *Mertensia virginica*, rendered far more effective because a few precocious growths of bronze-tinted mimulus have crept among its flowers. Along the margins the tender greens of sedge and reed are just appearing, and clumps of golden daffodils turn themselves to the water surface, nodding, as though in admiring contemplation of their own reflections. The water hawthorn, *Aponogeton distachyon*, is spreading itself rapidly over the water and its delicious fragrance permeates the morning air. All around vegetation is slowly unfolding, haltingly yet, but poised, as it were, to spring to maturity, and the fulfilment of its richer glories as the weeks go by. Nevertheless, it is beautiful in its delicacy of tone and form. It is the transition stage from death unto life—and has it not been said that "beauty is the moment of transition, as if the form were just ready to flow into other forms"?

With the advent of May, new colours and new forms appear. A wealth of crimson, purple, orange and yellow primulas, of Japanese and Chinese origin principally, are splashed in vivid masses at the water's edge or anywhere in the moist, cool surroundings. Primula species such as *pulverulenta*, *japonica*, *Bulleyana*, *Helodoxa*, *Beesiana*, with their now multitudinous hybrids, glow in the sunlight or light up the shadows. The water forget-me-not mingles its starry blue flowers with the yellow marsh musk, and there is no colour combination in the water garden more delightful than this sheet of blue and yellow, that spreads itself on land in all directions and creeps right out into the water. Moreover, it will flower from May until late autumn persistently. The rheums (ornamental rhubarbs) and rumex (water dock) have by this time lifted their foliage, bronze-green, crimson tinted and beautifully veined. In May, also, the Siberian irises, that love the damp soils by the waterside, enrich the scene with blue, white and royal purple. Perry's Blue, Snow Queen and Purple Emperor are the finest of these. The globe flowers (*trollius*) provide intense glowing orange and gold relief to the now darkening foliage of later-flowering

plants; while the reeds, sedges, rushes and arrowheads (*sagittaria*) are in stronger evidence and rustle in the spring breezes; and as the month advances, the first ruddy leaves of the water lilies gradually spread themselves over the water surface.

It is, however, through June, July and August that the water garden reaches the zenith of its luxuriance and beauty, and at no period is it more enchanting than when the Japanese irises are in flower. In lime-free districts, where the soil is deep and rich, and where they can get their roots down to the damp earth below, they will provide thrills of sensual delight of which no other natural growth is capable. From white to the deepest purple, through every shade of blue, violet, pink, purple, and some that are almost red, their exquisite beauty of form and colour reflect the sunlight and vary in colour tone with the passing of every fleecy cloud, and from hour to hour. In these summer months, too, the astilbes and spiræas light up the scene with delicate grace and soft colour, tossing their many-tinted plumes in the summer air, clouding the banks with their dainty foliage and revelling in the conditions appertaining to the line where land and water meet. July sees the advent of the bog lilies also. *Lilium pardalinum*, *canadense*, *superbum* and similar forms lift their orange, yellow and scarlet heads above the neighbouring epimediums and other foliage plants, and, wind-stirred, almost scintillate in coruscations of lambent glory.

But the true glory of the water garden from early June until the autumn, of course, lies in its floating gems, cream, pink, white, scarlet, yellow and many intermediate shades of water lilies (*nymphaeas*), all with glowing orange or golden yellow hearts. Some of them have leaves of emerald green, others with every shade from pale green to the deepest bronze. It would be invidious to select as the best the very small number of varieties that space allows me to mention here, but there are a few that should form the nucleus of every collection, and which include crimson, scarlet, white, shell pink, pale rose and creamy yellow. The *Marliacea* hybrids *carnea* and *rosea*, *collosea*, Mrs. Richmond, James Hudson, Conqueror, Mooreana, James Brydon, Wm. Falconer, Gladstoniana, *tuberosa alba* and *rosea*, all large-habited forms; while the Laydekeri varieties provide dainty little plants for smaller areas and quite shallow pools.

The water should never be entirely covered with lilies; indeed, not more than one-third of its area should be so occupied. Room must be left for reflections, not the least of the charms of the water garden. A blue sky, with wisps of white cloud, reflected in the clear spaces between the dainty *nymphaeas*, each straining at its anchor as a faint breeze sweeps over the water's surface; on the further bank a glow of *Spiræa palmata* that, reflected, dyes the water at its feet to a crimson wash; the rustle of the reeds and rushes at the water's edge, and the cool dark shadows cast by willow, gunnera and bamboo overhanging their own mirrored forms—this is only one of the myriad pictures which the water garden provides.

GEORGE DILLISTONE.

## THE LATE SOWING OF ANNUALS

"IF I am late in sowing seeds of annual flowers, can I do so successfully?" is a question that is often asked and to which—like many other queries—there is more than one reply. There are annuals—sweet peas, for example—that should be sown early, if they are to live out a full life and provide us with a maximum of large and continuously produced blossoms. There is also a far wider number that may be sown right up to mid-May and will flower gorgeously far into the late autumn, after their earlier sown brethren have become but memories. These include quite a number of "half-hardy" varieties that, owing to the later date at which sowing was done, will obtain sufficient warmth from the sun to enable them to start without any artificial heat.

Before we pass to general considerations, let us hark back for a moment to the question of sweet peas. For there is a way in which sowing may still be done and very good blooms obtained, although the plants have not the staying powers of those early sown, deep-rooted plants. Take out a trench—1ft. deep—and well fork up the ground at the bottom, dusting this freely with superphosphate of lime at the rate of two ounces per square yard, add a generous supply of rotted manure and, if possible, some bonfire refuse and all is ready. Dibble in each seed singly, 1ft. apart and 2ins. deep, and see that the soil never becomes dry. Here, indeed, we strike a point of general application to all late sown annuals. They must never become dry, at any rate, for the first two months of their lives.

The difference between early and late sowing is this. Early sowing ensures that the seeds germinate while the weather is still cool and showers are plentiful: result, a prolonged period during which the roots have time to penetrate deeply and so sustain a long period of flowering. Late sowing, however, results in speedy germination, ultra rapid growth and its resultant premature flowering that is necessarily briefer. Compensate this handicap by an industrious use of the watering can and you need sacrifice but little, and even your sweet peas will give you a generous reward, especially if those plants are topped when about three inches high (thus delaying flowering), and those trenches receive a 6in. deep mulch of old manure. Delay in sowing seeds does not mean that all your flowers

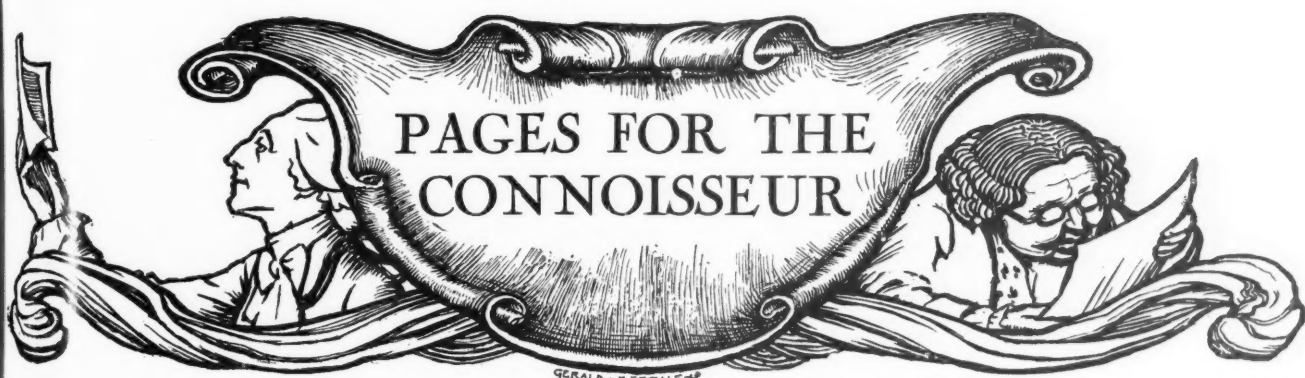
must be late and that you must wait until autumn before your border begins to satisfy the craving for colour—vivid colour and plenty of it. What may be termed quick-result annuals are very charming indeed, and you will find that the following are capable of producing a glorious show within a short period. *Acroclinium*, pink or white daisy-like everlastings. *Eryngium*—Fairy Wallflower—vivid orange. *Eucharidium Brewerii*, rose pink and very fragrant. *Kaulfussia*, with daisy-like flowers in blue, white and rich crimson, 6ins. high, is grand for edgings. *Lasthenia californica* in golden yellow, profuse and charming. *Layia elegans*, a lovely plant with large primrose yellow flowers that soon blooms and continues for months. Lobel's Catchfly, an interesting little plant with heads of vivid pink flowers; each joint of the stem beneath the leaves is surrounded by a sticky band, that traps small flies in the same manner as a fly-paper. *Omphalodes linifolia*, with its silvery leaves and large translucent white forget-me-not-like flowers, is perfectly charming. One and all of these will serve the late sower in good stead and do much toward bridging the waiting time.

Of annuals that actually gain by late sowing, the list is by no means a short one and experience has proved again and again that the following actually do better when the sowing is left until the end of April or even well into May. Right at the head of the list comes the climbing convolvulus and, where there is a series of arches or a new and unfurnished pergola, this can be converted into a veritable fairyland of Morning Glories, in blue, carmine, crimson, deep red, lilac, rose and striped. No more care is needed than just to scoop out a shallow hole, drop in a couple of seeds, cover in and leave the rest to nature. Still! One more attention is needed. Do not omit a dusting of dry soot from time to time, to defeat slugs. In warm, moist earth, zinnias may be sown direct into the ground and will push through quickly and with astonishing vigour, often excelling indoor-raised plants.

Of the general run of common annuals the main point with late sowings is to do this in sufficiently large groupings, so as to get real colour masses, and to thin these rather less severely than usual, thus compensating for the smaller development.

H. W. CANNING-WRIGHT.





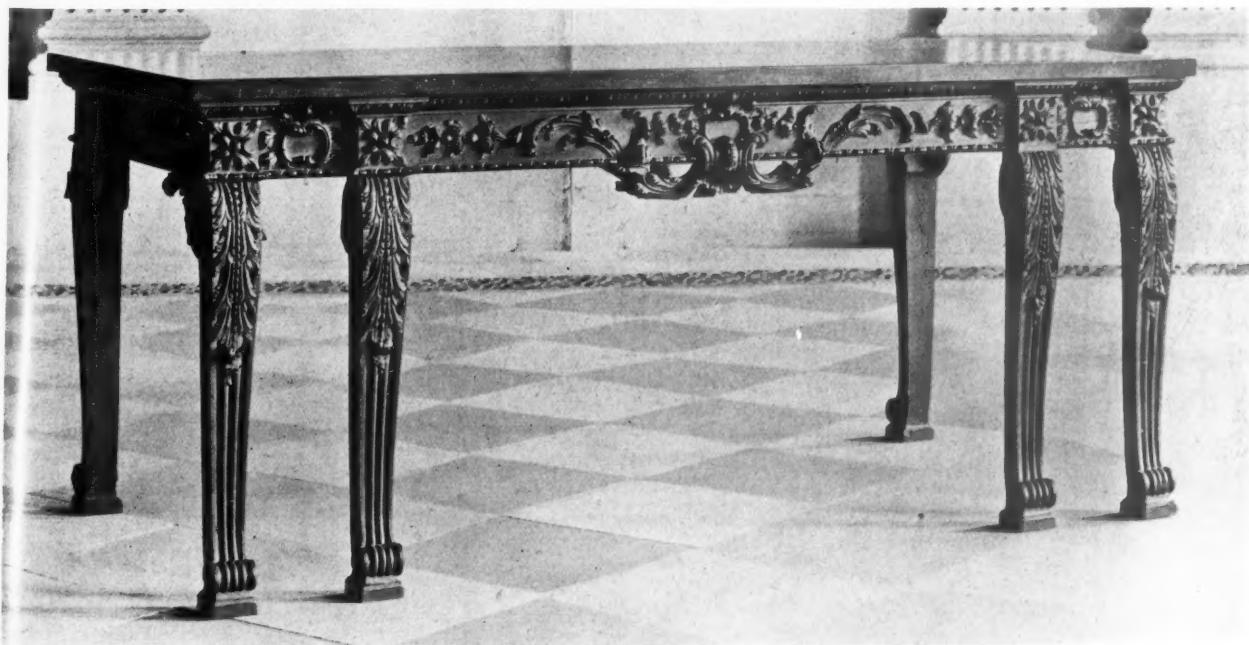
## FURNITURE AT RAGLEY

THERE is much furniture still at Ragley dating from the period of ownership of the first Lord Hertford, whom we have seen (page 478) succeeding his father, the first Baron Conway, as a boy of fourteen, in 1732, and living until 1794. But of earlier date there is not much of any importance, except a mirror (Fig. 3), which, in its form and detail—such as the exceptionally bold character of the enriched mouldings—much resembles the mirrors and other work introduced at Compton Place by Colin Campbell after the purchase of the place by Lord Wilmington in 1724. That was a few years after Lord Conway had taken, as his third wife, Catherine Shorter, whose arms he impaled on the already existing forecourt gates. Hence the suggestion that Campbell may have been responsible for interior work at Ragley at this date, such as the doorways in one of the chambers and the big egg and tongue enrichments of a dressing-room through it. That is where this mirror is, standing on a corner chimneypiece, although it is of the tall yet narrow form then so much used for between-window positions. It is a large specimen, fully six feet in height, and here the favourite shell device—as alternative for the “egg”—occupies the chief member of the outer framing, which, like the hall doorways, ends in a whorl. Except for this last feature, this mirror, both in its proportions and its details, closely resembles a pair in the Compton Place dining-room. The next—in respect of date—of the important pieces of Ragley furniture are the settees and chairs which I have suggested were obtained by the second baron before he was made Earl of Hertford and at about the time of his marriage in 1741. They are no longer at Ragley, for they appeared in Messrs. Christie's sale rooms in 1921, together with some commodes of considerable interest as being rare examples of cut lacquer produced in England. They were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE on June 25th, 1921, when it was shown that the English work in this manner had not approached the Oriental spirit or the Oriental skill, for one of the commodes has front panels wherein the deft treatment

of rocks, flowers, landscapes and birds certainly suggests Oriental origin and is in contrast with the much less expert handling of the rest of the incised work. These commodes are English examples of the French manner which so pleased Chippendale at the time he published his “Director” in 1754, and were probably of that date or, perhaps, no earlier than the settees (Fig. 8) with accompanying chairs (Fig. 5) that we saw a week ago in the illustrations of the hall. The settees are remarkable for their size, being over eight feet in length; for their material, which is oak in place of the mahogany usual at this date; and for the design, which shows in the back a rococo spirit somewhat rare in the open splat work of Chippendale's time. The wave-like curves and tilt of the scrolls are very different, for instance, from a “three chair back” mahogany settee belonging to Colonel Mulliner, which, however, has very much the same straight leg, which was becoming the alternative to the dominant cabriole form about 1756, when this Ragley set was made. In that year the Earl of Hertford became a Knight of the Garter, and it will be observed that the garter encircles his arms in the centre of the settees and his crest in the centre of the chairs. Lord Hertford, who was our Ambassador in Paris in 1763–65, no doubt was a votary of the Gallican taste, and made purchases in Paris; for, although we then had admirable designers and cabinetmakers, wealthy Englishmen were fond of importing furniture from across the Channel. Even Robert Adam's clients, such as Lord Coventry, who employed him for the completion of Croome Court, was more than once in Paris making purchases. Thus in 1763 Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn that his lordship is just off to France:

His errand is to buy furniture, to talk of tapestry and glasses, and to pay for importing a worse thing than an English courier could have helped him to.

The chair frames in the Ragley State Bedchamber may be either English or French, but their covering will not be a native product. It is of cream-coloured silk, hand painted, with a very fine and somewhat Oriental-looking design of flower and



1.—MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE, with four slightly curved front legs and a rail carved in the solid. Length, 7ft. 3ins.; width, 3ft. 4ins.; height, 3ft. Circa 1760.



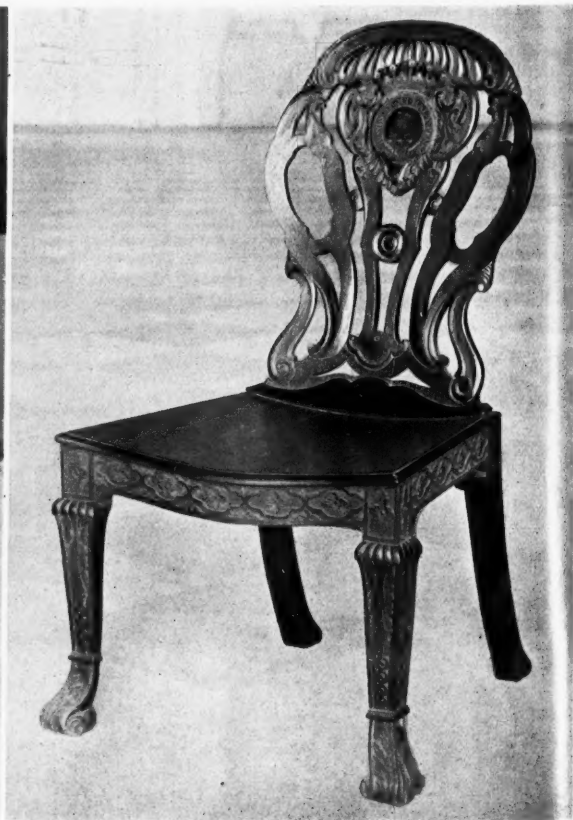
2.—MAHOGANY CUPBOARD of the "architectural" type associated with the name of William Kent, but peculiar for the unusual *escritoire* section introduced between the top and bottom sections. Height, 9ft.; width, 5ft. 6ins. *Circa 1741.*



3.—MIRROR IN GILT FRAME. Height 6ft. It is similar to those in the dining-room of Compton Place, decorated from designs by Colin Campbell *circa 1725.*



4.—AN ARMCHAIR, one of a set of two armchairs, six small chairs and large and small "rout" stools with woodwork of French form covered in hand-painted silk. *Circa 1760.*



5.—HALL CHAIR, one of a set of 12, with 4 settees made of oak darkened to mahogany colour. *Circa 1757.*





6.—OVAL MAHOGANY DINING TABLE, the top banded, the pedestal support branching high up into four curved legs. Length, 7ft. ; width, 5ft. Circa 1790.

leaf-bearing branches (Fig. 4). There is a set of furniture covered in like manner at Attingham, in Shropshire, and, very likely, painted silk was not infrequently used for upholstery as well as for ladies' dresses at the end of the eighteenth century. Thus, to quote again from George Selwyn's correspondence, the Dowager Lady Carlisle writes to him from the Rhone district in July, 1779, that the great Beaucaire-Tarascon fair is on and that—

for about 30/- one can buy a very pretty silk dress with the trimmings to it : muslins also are very cheap ; painted silks beautiful ; and scents pommades and liquers very cheap.

Dating from about the time of Lord Hertford's marriage is a great mahogany cabinet or bookcase (Fig. 2) of the architectural type associated with the name of William Kent. The centre of the top part has a door with a semicircular panel, now a mirror, but perhaps originally glazed. Over it rises a broken pediment, and on each side is a recessed wing with a raised panel. All mouldings are enriched with egg and tongue and other such *motifs*, and the spandrels and pilasters of the centre have carved swags of flowers, corn and hops. The lowest section is panelled and enriched in the same manner



7.—LARGE ROUT-STOOL belonging to the set mentioned under Fig. 4. Length, 5ft. 8ins. ; width, 2ft. 4ins. The smaller ones are in length 3ft. 3ins. ; width, 1ft. 11ins.



8.—A SETTEE, one of a set mentioned under Fig. 5. Length, 8ft. 3ins.; height at centre, 4ft.; depth of seat, 1ft. 11ins. Circa 1757.

as the top section of the wings. So far the piece is quite normal, but its very individual feature is the interpolation of a middle, *escritoire* section which gives the piece rather curious proportions and a great height. It is, however, a beautifully made and dignified piece of great size, very suitable to the spaciousness of Ragley. That spaciousness is very arresting in the Great Dining-room, where a huge sideboard, nearly ten feet long, massively designed in the English Empire manner, occupies the centre of the south side. Against the west wall and facing the chimney-piece is a very beautiful side-table (Fig. 1) some forty years earlier in date. Its length of over seven feet is broken up into a long centre and narrow end sections by the placing of its four slightly curved and beautifully carved legs, a pair of which is repeated at the back. The carved rail, of flowers and rococo scrolls, has an egg and tongue top moulding

proportionately supporting the great slab that forms the top. In the centre of the front rail the enrichment descends—by means of added pieces of mahogany—as a small apron of acanthus leaves, of which the lowest section is missing. Four other side tables, in the same manner but much smaller, are also in this room where, besides the great central dining-table, we find one of extremely elegant form (Fig. 6). The top is an oval, 7ft. by 5ft., of mahogany with a veneered outer band of deeper tone—either ebony or rosewood darkened—divided from the mahogany centre by a thin, light line. The top is set on a four-branched pedestal composed of long curved members that do not join the central support until three-quarters of the space between floor and table top has been reached. It is an original and graceful example of the Sheratonian style of 1790, and a charming dinner-table for a party of six.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## THE CUMBERLAND TAPESTRIES

THE appearance of the cherub, cupid or winged *putto* in tapestry is of very early date. It was woven in Egyptian-Roman textiles. It was employed largely in the fifteenth century, when Philip the Good of Burgundy owned a "Chamber" of little children with trees, herbage and rose bushes. In the beginning of the sixteenth century drawings by Giulio Romano formed the basis for many tapestries woven in Flanders and in Italy, and these designs were reproduced in tapestries of the seventeenth century. In the Mortlake manufactory they were known as the "Naked Boys," and sets of them exist in several country houses, such as Boughton. An exceedingly beautiful and, perhaps, unique tapestry, in which children playing occupy an important position, appears in the collection of the late Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, formerly the Duke of Cumberland, which will come up for auction at Messrs. Christie's on April 3rd.

It differs from the Mortlake specimens as much in spirit as in design. The Mortlake "Boys" were wingless and occupied themselves in gathering fruit or playing on the ground below the trees. Here they are aerial beings, dancing above the earth, bearing a huge basket of flowers or descending with a wreath. The composition consists of a trellis archway with a pediment over the centre span, all in openwork, through which are twisted roses, honeysuckle and other flowers. From the apex of the pediment hang a gorgeous wreath and festoons passing to right and left. On the roof are two vases of flowers, the vases being of slightly different type from those in the Soho tapestries. Over the two flanking piers are openwork vases, doubtless derived from those of China. The Chinese influence in this panel appears to be more felt than seen. The

birds which occupy the aerial spaces in every direction conduce to this impression. On the left is a magnificent peacock. In the lower corners are great flowering plants. The foreground is in deep shadow, and the background being of pale blue, the light and shade give an effect of strong sunlight. This effect is intensified by the dark blue border, woven with pink roses and foliage arranged on a central rod. It is 10ft. 6ins. high by 12ft. wide, and is attributed to an English loom of the early eighteenth century. The weaver's initials, "L. F.," are probably unknown, but there was working in London at the time a tapestry weaver, or weavers, of the name of Field. The design of the border greatly resembles that of an English *chinoiserie* tapestry in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but the treatment of the figures in the Cumberland panel is much finer and more artistic than in English work generally.

To the Cumberland collection belong some fine tapestries by the seventeenth and eighteenth century master weavers of Brussels. There is a set woven with subjects allegorical of the Four Continents—for then Australia was unknown—in vivid colours enriched with gold and silver thread. Europe is symbolised by a queenly seated figure bearing the model of a temple on her extended right arm. Behind her is a horse; around her are fruit, classical armour, ecclesiastical insignia, symbols of architecture and the genii of the fine arts. In the background is a harvest scene. The upper part of the panel is occupied by a cartouche with caryatid figures inscribed with "Europa," supported by flying cupids with trophies of flowers and attributes of sovereignty. Wreathed with flowers and swinging a censer, with attributes of recumbent camel, wine ewers and utensils, is the queenly figure of Asia. Africa is represented by a negress



holding a scorpion and accompanied by a couched lion and small negro figures; while the typical figure of America is an Indian huntress with an alligator at her feet, and behind her a procession of oxen and goats. These panels bear the Brussels mark and the signature of G. Peemans. In the Vienna State Collection are two tapestries of the continents, made by uniting the compositions of Europe and Asia and Africa and America, as here shown, and bearing Peemans' signature. A set of eight tapestries of mythological subject in the same collection are by Peemans, who in 1707 employed six looms and fourteen workers in Brussels. He is well known in connection with tapestries of subjects like the history of Zenobia and Aurelian. These tapestries of the continents must not be confused with other designs, such as that of the sets by Judocus de Vos formerly in Bruckburn Priory, Northumberland, and another at Nostell Priory, the "Europa" of which was almost destroyed by fire in 1920.

By another famous Brussels weaver—P. Van den Hecke—is a set of three panels woven with the history of Psyche, from designs by Jan Van Orley. They show the "Toilet of Psyche," the "Awaking of Cupid," and their "Betrothal," in borders woven with oak and acanthus foliage, and contain the arms of Maria Theresa and Francis Duke of Lorraine. There were originally seven tapestries in the series. Pierre Van den Hecke belonged to a dynasty of Brussels weavers of which he was one of the most distinguished members. He received his master's privileges in 1710 and died in 1750.

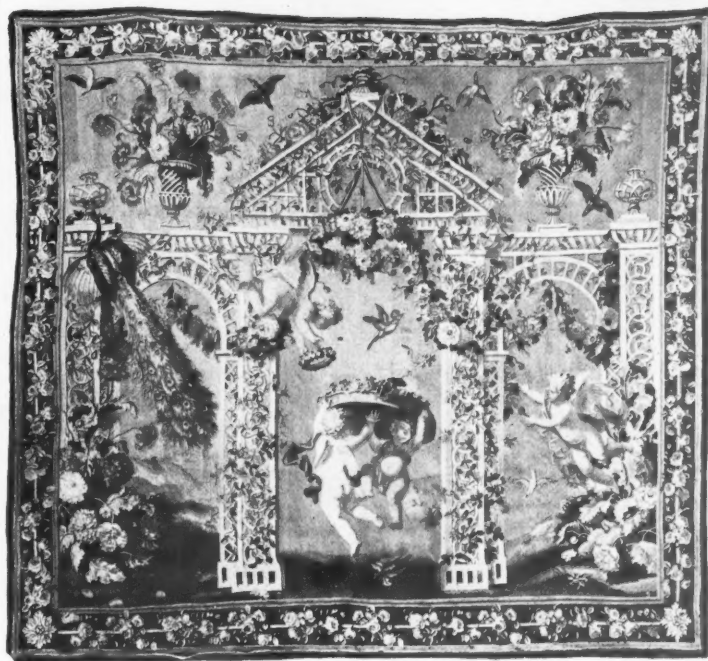
To Urban Leyniers, perhaps the most widely known *tapissier* of his date, is due a panel showing the Battle of Issus between Alexander the Great and the Persians, with a view of the defeated forces crossing the Euphrates in the distance. Among a set of tapestries by him in Brahan Castle is a panel showing the visit of Alexander to the family of Darius, after the cartoon by Lebrun. The "Victories of Lord Cobham" and the "Triumphs of the Gods," formerly at Stowe; the "Triumph of Mars," belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch; the Teniers at Wemyss Castle and Gosport House are but a few of the products of Urban Leyniers' looms, in this country. At eleven years of age he became apprentice to his father. In 1700 he was a master. He died in 1747. The Cumberland tapestry is signed "V. Leyniers, D.L.": the latter initials probably indicate that it was woven in co-operation with his son Daniel.

The remaining sets of Cumberland tapestries consist of five panels showing scenes from the victories of Louis XIV in Flanders, after cartoons by Van der Meulen, which formerly belonged to the Countess Melanie de Pourtales, and three sixteenth century hangings woven with the story of Apollo, Daphne and Diana, in transitional style.

To different properties in the sale belong various fine panels, including a Brussels tapestry representing Abraham and the Four Kings, enclosed by a wide border woven with emblematic figures, beasts, birds, caryatids, garlands of flowers and medallions with symbols of the Elements. It bears the monogram of William Segers, a weaver mentioned in 1668, who was the author of the set of tapestries representing scenes from the Passion, in the State collection, Vienna.

To an anonymous source belongs a Beauvais panel with a pastoral scene after Boucher—ladies and sportsmen resting by a fountain before a ruined building, in a narrow frame-pattern border.

There are also two Louis XIV needlework panels of Chinese figures, animals, birds, flowers and foliage, one being 14ft. wide by 7ft. 2ins. high; Flemish tapestries of the early sixteenth century, representing episodes in the History of Solomon; another pair depicting the Story of Diana; a third panel woven with Samson and the lion, in borders of flowers, amorini and



AN ENGLISH GARDEN TAPESTRY OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



EUROPE, ONE OF THE FOUR CONTINENTS.  
By Gerald Peemans.

medallions; and a fine Brussels tapestry representing a market with numerous figures and the Crescent Inn on the right. There are three Mortlake panels, two being of the Story of Vulcan and Venus, with borders of trophies of arms, emblems and

medallions on a brown ground, the third showing the Triumph of Neptune and Amphitrite, one of the subjects used in the "Elements" by Vanderbank, who, however, worked after the designs of Lebrun. W. G. THOMSON.

## TWO MEISSEN PORCELAIN GROUPS

THE earliest true porcelain to be made in Europe was produced at the still existing factory of Meissen, near Dresden, in the early years of the eighteenth century. The secret of its manufacture, though jealously guarded by the Elector of Saxony, was spread through Europe by runaway workmen, with the result that the remainder of the century saw the erection in various countries of a succession of more or less flourishing concerns. Germany at that period consisted of a number of small states, each ruled by its own Elector or Grand Duke, none of whose petty courts was soon complete without its porcelain factory. The history of these undertakings is not the least interesting facet of eighteenth century applied art. Each retains its individual local style, necessarily tempered by the influences of the East and of Meissen and by the innumerable migrations from one to another of the various painters and modellers.

The one great European contribution to porcelain was the development of figure sculpture. China and Japan produced comparatively few figures and groups that can be said to have any æsthetic significance, and it is mainly to the genius of one man that we owe this important branch of miniature plastic art. Johann Joachim Kändler came to Meissen in 1731 to take charge of the modelling, and from that year until his death in 1775 he turned out a constant stream of fresh figures and groups of amazing variety and artistic charm. He was originally intended to make works on a fairly grand scale, but he soon had the wit to suit his imagination to his material, with the happy result of creating a series of objects whose immortality is ensured alike by their perfection of modelling and by their felicity of tiny detail. His subjects were drawn from every kind of source: mythological gods and goddesses, his German contemporaries in their everyday clothes, foreigners European and Oriental, are only a few of the types into whom his inventive genius has breathed a new life for posterity, while his real satiric gift found a rich and not unkindly outlet in the representation

of children, monkeys and fantastic Chinamen engaged in the serious pastimes of respectable citizens of his own country.

The factory of Nymphenburg in the electorate of Bavaria owes its chief claim on our attention to the activities of a no less remarkable artist, Franz Anton Bustelli. Except for the statements that he was an Italian from Locarno and that he worked at the factory for nine years only, from 1754 until his death in 1763, we know singularly little of Bustelli's life, but the quality of the work that has reached us from his hand guarantees him a master as gifted in inspiration and in the sense of his material as the great Kändler himself. The group here illustrated is said to represent Touch, from a series depicting the Five Senses. It portrays a pair of lovers in the shelter of a ruined wall; the young man is wresting a kiss from the girl, whose protestations are furiously echoed by her dog. The spirit of the German rococo style was never more happily embodied than in this enchanting object. The artist's skill in adapting as an essential part of his composition the elaborate shell-like scrollwork flourishes from which the word rococo is derived is no less admirable than the contrast between the emotional ardours of the foreground and the passionless scene in which they are set. The introduction into this of the weary goat seems like Bustelli's ironical comment on the comedy of human manners; the familiar spirit of such encounters averts his eyes here in quite a different sense from the *transversa tumentibus hircis* of the *Eclogues*.

About the time of Bustelli's death there was started in the Prince-Bishopric of Fulda, near Cassel, a factory which lasted only some fifteen years, till 1780, but whose figures are among the rarest and most sought after in all German porcelain. Incidentally, the Fulda and Nymphenburg factories share the distinction of having produced the only German porcelain bodies which can satisfactorily stand the strain of remaining in the white without coloured decoration. The few Fulda figures and groups that exist can all, apparently, be ascribed to



NYMPHENBURG GROUP.  
Height 10½ ins.



FULDA GROUP.  
Height 16 ins.



one modeller, whose memorable name has not come down to us. The group here reproduced is one of the most elaborate examples of his work; it represents a party performing chamber music in an arbour, while a little girl plays with a dog in the foreground. The rococo style is still fully in evidence in the flood scrollwork of the base and the arch behind, but the

composure of the individual figures and their elaborate Louis Seize coiffures remind us of the imminence of the Classical Revival, soon to bury in its cold symmetrical advance the charming riotous extravagances of the preceding age. Both of the groups here illustrated are in the room devoted to the Murray Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum. WILLIAM KING.

## A 17TH CENTURY ROOD-LOFT FROM BOIS-LE-DUC

THE rood-loft from the Cathedral of St. John at Bois-le-Duc ('s-Hertogenbosch) in North Brabant, Holland, which has for more than half a century been one of the treasures of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has recently been moved from its old position in the East Court and has been re-erected across the East Hall of the museum. This sumptuous work was made by Coenraet van Noremberg of Namur in 1610-13, and was designed after the pattern of the rood-loft in Antwerp Cathedral, which has since been destroyed, but is known from a painting by Peter Neefs in the Wallace Collection. Besides being a typical example of the exuberance of Flemish Renaissance work, it is of peculiar importance in view of the fact that the contracts and specifications for its erection are still preserved in the archives at Bois-le-Duc. These documents seem to have left little to the choice of the artist; all the measurements, even down to the diameters of the columns, are set forth, and the materials with the subjects of the figure decorations are all determined. The work is carried out in the red, grey and black Flemish marbles which are still in common use, and the enrichments are in alabaster. Most of the latter, from the frequent orange markings, appear also to be a local product; but the small reliefs were, by specification, to be made "of good English alabaster." The ribs of the vaulting are of Caen stone. The west, or main, front, which is about 42ft. long and 26ft. high, is shown below. Over the pairs of columns stand figures of St. Peter, the Virgin and Child, St. John the Evangelist and St. Paul. Above them are four small figures in niches which are thus described in the contracts: "The first of these persons shall be a man dressed in classical costume and on his shield the arms of Brabant; the second person shall be a figure of duke Godfrey, founder of this town of Bois-le-Duc, having his arms on his shield; the third person shall be a man with a laurel wreath on his head, in classical costume, having on his shield the arms of the Archduke Albert and Isabella; item, the fourth or last person shall be a wild man, having on his shield the arms of the town of Bois-le-Duc." These shields have been defaced, but enough trace of the carved charges

remains to identify them. Over the crown of the arches are allegorical figures with, on either side of them, the small panels of English alabaster carved with scenes from the Life of Christ. The figures from the north and south sides, with their reliefs, have been taken down and placed in the altar arches on those sides. The original documents state that a relief of Christ crucified was omitted as the figure came over the rood-loft. The altar on the north side, bearing a dedication in good lettering to Saints Cosmas and Damian, the patrons of doctors, and the date 1625, appears to have originally stood on the south side and to have replaced on the north an altar dedicated to St. Servatius of Maastricht. In its first position in the museum the rood-loft was built against a wall without the east front, which is now shown for the first time since its demolition. This front appears restrained after the richness of the west side. There are eight small reliefs representing the Last Judgment and the Seven Corporal Works of Mercy. The central niche originally contained the figure of the Virgin and Child which is now on the west side, a figure of Christ, which is now missing, being placed on that side between St. Peter and St. John. The blank spaces below the marble were originally occupied by the panelling of the return stalls facing the high altar.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that, in the main, this rood-loft is the work of Coenraet van Noremberg. But the St. John, as well as the St. Peter and St. Paul, are obviously much more important as works of art than the rest of the sculpture. The first of these figures has been ascribed to the Dutch sculptor, Hendrick de Keyser, on the analogy of the figures on the tomb of the unfortunate *stadtholder*, William the Silent, who was assassinated at the height of his fame at Delft in 1584, and it is possible that all these figures, as well as the missing one of Christ, may have been by this artist. The rood-loft was pulled down in the cathedral in 1866-67 because it obstructed the view of the high altar. It was acquired by the late Mr. Murray Marks—almost the first of his long series of important acquisitions—from whom it was bought for South Kensington in 1871. R. BEDFORD.



THE WEST OR MAIN FRONT ON THE ROOD-LOFT.  
Length about 42ft., height 25ft.

## GLASS AND DECORATIVE FURNITURE

LARGE folding screens, single or in pairs, were greatly prized in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, both for their convenience as draught-excluders and for their varied decoration, lacquer, gilt and painted leather. In a room where the door, as in the case of a dining-room during a meal, is constantly opened, the screen mitigated the draughts; and gilt leather screen making appears to have been a specialised industry in England, where the old makers' labels are still occasionally found at the back. Even as late as 1772 a gilt leather screen manufactory existed in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Among the properties that come up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on Friday, March 28th, is a four-fold screen standing over 9ft. high, which is painted with the lighter side of the life of an army on the march in the late seventeenth century. On the left-hand panel the foreground is occupied by the army's provisions, to which the peasant, brought in to give information, is a subsidiary figure. In other panels, the armies are seen manœuvring in a hilly district, watched by non-combatants on a velvet-hung balcony. One of the panels is dated 1674, but the name of the painter is, unfortunately, indistinct; the subject is, no doubt, Condé's campaign in Flanders during that year, culminating in the battle of Seneffe in August. Another object in the same sale is a chest on stand, veneered with light tawny-coloured walnut, the richly figured grain disposed to the best advantage, and showing also to advantage against the pierced and engraved key-escutcheon, clamps and corner-pieces. The chest rests upon a low stand containing three drawers and standing upon flattened ball feet. A carved and gilt mirror frame is decorated with the wealth of ornamental devices that delighted the carver in soft woods in the late seventeenth and early years of the eighteenth centuries; at the top, two winged children support an interlaced monogram within an elaborated cartouche, and at the two upper angles are irregularly shaped cartouches enclosing heraldic devices. Long-billed birds, doves and festoons of fruit are skilfully combined on the remaining three sides of the frame.

Among the porcelain and pottery to be sold with other properties at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 28th are two Chelsea plates bordered with royal blue, highly gilt, and painted in the centre with waterfowl and other birds; one is unmarked, but the other bears the gold anchor; and a Delft vase, standing 22ins. high, the body decorated with a circle of lions' heads in relief supporting a cable, and painted in blue with a group of Chinese figures on horseback, and also with landscapes. The base and shoulders are decorated with embroidery panels. A vase and cover of Chinese porcelain, which stands 23ins. high, is decorated with three tiers of small panels of flowers and landscapes alternately, while the neck is decorated with conventional pæonies on a solid blue ground. A beaker, a fine powder blue vase and a pair of powder blue plates are of the K'ang-hsi period. The beaker is decorated on the upper and lower parts with four panels of a Chinese lady, and the middle with four panels of flowers; the brilliantly coloured cylindrical powder blue vase has been pencilled with a landscape in gold. One of the pair of *famille verte* oviform vases of good quality is shown upon the walnut chest upon stand. They stand 14ins. high, and are decorated with two panels of landscapes and two of utensils, divided by panels of diaper, while on the shoulders are embroidery panels upon a green ground. One of the vases has its cover, which is decorated with utensils. Among English porcelain is a Derby china dessert service, including eighteen plates and nine dishes. The centres are finely painted with flowers, naturalistically rendered; the borders are pierced with trelliswork and panels of pink scale, very richly gilded. A few pieces have been made at a later date at Berlin.

At Messrs. Wilbery's, King Street, there is a small collection of glass of excellent quality, including a water-jug on a hollow base decorated with shallow cutting, a fine specimen as to condition and colour; a boat-shaped bowl with overturned rim and moulded base; a set of six salt-cellars on their stands, decorated all over with deep pyramid cutting; and eleven jelly glasses. A pair of decanters with ringed necks bear the impress of the Waterloo Company, Cork; and a single decanter of graceful shape, the mark of the Cork Glass Company. An Irish wineglass with a white-

twisted stem has the bowl engraved with the British lion struck by a hand from the clouds, and the motto, "Strike hard and true, men of the Kerry Legion." An English punchbowl is of later date, and is interesting from its associations: it was given by John Atkinson to John Child of Bungay (who in 1835 spent eleven days in Ipswich Gaol for refusing to pay Church rates), and the bowl is engraved with their initials, "J. A. to J. C." and the words "My friend and brother," the rose and the thistle, also with a panel illustrating Burns' "Willie brewed a peck of maut." At Messrs. Wilbery's is also a set of six walnut chairs, dating from about 1730, the legs finishing in paw feet, the splats formed of broad interlacing straps. The colour of the set, which comes from Shenston House, is an attractive light golden shade, and they are in untouched condition.

On April 4th, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson are selling the first portion of the collection of the late Mr. Adolphe Shrager, including, besides, the objects described in COUNTRY LIFE, March 21st, a pair of Cork glass candelabra, cut with diamond pattern and fluting, with chased gilt metal arms for two lights, on bulbous columns with circular bases; a pair

books to be sold are Cato's "Disticha de Moribus" (Basle, 1526), in contemporary Italian calf, inscribed with the name and motto of the great bibliophile, Grolier. In the same sale is also an important collection of works by and relating to Thackeray, the property of the late Mr. Samuel Causley of Stoke Newington, and some fine bindings and rare books. Among the interesting bindings is Walton and Cotton's "Compleat Angler," with notes by Sir John Hawkins, bound in green morocco, emblematically tooled, with metal portraits of the authors let in as centre-pieces to each side, and metal corners of fishing baskets, etc. This remarkable and curious specimen, which was published by Thomas Gosden and bound by him, is authenticated by the signature impressed inside by the binder, and the note in pencil on the fly-leaf in his handwriting. Only twenty-five copies were illustrated and bound in this style. There is also an excellent example of Roger Payne's work on "Plutarchi, Demosthenis et Ciceronis Vitæ parallele," with notes by P. Barton (1744), in old straight grained red morocco, the panel sides having typical tooled ornament at each corner. Of especial interest to Americans is an



CHEST ON STAND VENEERED WITH LIGHT WALNUT OF RICHLY FIGURED GRAIN.

of Chelsea candelabra for two lights, on which a youth and girl, seated on balustrades under may trees, are holding a bird and a birdcage; and a pair of Chelsea figures of a shepherd and shepherdess playing pipes and a mandoline, seated in pagoda-topped arbours. Among the textiles in the same sale are silk needlework hangings for a room, designed with flowering plants and birds in the Chinese taste, on a deep pink ground. Among the furniture, are an oval mahogany wine-cooler, of which the handles are carved with acanthus foliage, resting on carved cabriole legs, and a late eighteenth century wine-cooler, banded with tulipwood and inlaid with satinwood lines; a mahogany sideboard of semicircular form from Wentworth Castle, containing a centre drawer and cupboards and cellarettes at the sides. This piece, which stands on square tapered legs, is banded and inlaid with satinwood.

On April 10th and 11th, Messrs. Sotheby are selling books, autograph letters (including some very characteristic Whistler documents), and a very complete collection of play-bills, the property of the Duke of Devonshire, in forty-one volumes, formed by J. P. Kemble, beginning in 1782 and continuing to 1816, and continued to 1836. The play-bills for 1782-87 are cut round and mounted; those for the following years are for the most part unmounted, except for 1798-99. Among the

engraved powder horn, 11 ins. in length, in which the Royal arms of George III, supported by the lion and unicorn, occupies the centre, a rayed sun to the left. Representatives of towns, rivers, lakes and ships appear on the horn, together with two Red Indians brandishing tomahawks. The city of New York appears at the base, and the Union Jack flies over it. The name of the owner and engraver is within a cartouche to the left of New York: "R. Colby His Horn, Aug. 8, 1765. Made by Samuel Davison."

At Messrs. Christie's on Thursday, April 3rd, is an important sale of which the two chief properties are the tapestries from the collection of the late Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg (formerly the Duke of Cumberland) dealt with at some length in an article on page 508; and some French furniture from the collection of the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild.

Among the French furniture and objects of art from the late Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's collection, is a statuette by Falconet of a nymph preparing for the bath, holding drapery in her left hand, and standing on rockwork sculptured with shells and bulrushes; and several fine pieces of French furniture of the Louis XV period.

J. DE SERRE.